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LITERARY LIFE,

AND

MISCELLANIES.

BY

JOHN GALT.

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THE

LITERARY LIFE,

AND

MISCELLANIES,

OF

JOHN GALT.

When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good.

MILTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH; AND
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THE

SEVEN YEARS' WAR

IN

GERMANY.

The House of Brandenburg, which, during the reign of Frederick the Great, established itself so firmly among the monarchies of Europe, was, little more than two centuries ago, but of very humble consideration. By skilful address, during the Reformation, it obtained the estates of the Teutonic Order; by marriage, the duchy of Cleves; and by a succession of able princes, who carefully improved every turn in the affairs of Germany to their own advantage, it was raised to the electorate, and afterwards to the royal dignity. The father of Frederick augmented the strength of his kingdom by a reign appa-

rently inactive, but in which he prepared a large army and accumulated treasures which enabled his son to make himself the hero of his age.

Brandenburg had an ancient claim to the duchy of Silesia; whatever were the original grounds of that claim, they were, at the accession of Frederick, no longer valid. Austria was in possession of an equivalent, which she afterwards received back for a trifling consideration; and on this plea the king laid his pretensions to that duchy. In common honesty, he had no right whatever to Silesia, for the cession to Austria, though acquired by diplomatic address, was as just as the common cessions of governments.

In the year 1740, the greatness of the Austrian power seemed to be irrecoverably sunk, and Frederick, in consequence, suddenly entered Silesia, and made himself master of the whole province, of which the greatest part, with the county of Glatz, was ceded to him by treaty, (11th June, 1742,) but he was obliged to renew hostilities in 1744. In December, 1745, he entered Dresden, and Silesia was solemnly confirmed to him by the Austrian sovereign.

Maria Theresa could not forget the wound she had suffered by the loss of that duchy. The peace by

which she renounced it was hardly concluded, when she set on foot artifices for its recovery. The character, indeed, of Frederick, began now to be understood, and it was therefore not less a sound prospective policy which induced her to take the steps she did, than a desire to regain Silesia. At this period the affairs of Austria were vigorously managed; the whole talents of the House, and of its adherents, were directed to the re-edification of the imperial dignity.

On the 22d of May, 1746, Maria Theresa concluded a treaty with Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, by which it was arranged, in case Frederick attacked the dominions of either of the contrahents, or the republic of Poland, that such attack should be considered as a breach of the treaty of Dresden, and that the right of Maria Theresa to Silesia, ceded by that treaty, should revive. It was also agreed that the allied powers should mutually furnish an army of sixty thousand men, to reinvest Maria Theresa with the duchy. To this treaty the King of Poland was invited to accede, but he formally declined, while he secretly assured the other parties of his cordial co-operation; and they agreed that, for this assurance, he should have a share of the spoil, in the eventual *partition of the Prussian*

dominions, according to a treaty which had been made with that view in the preceding war. The constitution of Poland did not permit him to be a party to this nefarious treaty, which has since been, in retributive justice, forced upon that country, to the extinction of its very name, and the punishment of its profligate government.

The treaty of St Petersburg, though contrived and finished with as much secrecy as earnestness, did not escape the vigilance of Frederick; and, with characteristic prudence, he watched the mature moment for striking a decisive blow.

Maria Theresa, gratified with the alliance, began to build ambitious projects for the restoration of her power. She addressed the Court of France, and on the first of May, 1756, concluded a treaty. France, ever avaricious of aggrandizement, grasped with avidity her proffered alliance.

At this period France had some negotiation with England, relative to the boundaries of their respective uninhabited wilds in America; and as in every thing in which the former embarks, the pride of succeeding is a passion, she endeavoured to acquire the ascendency in this dispute by attacking Hanover. The

British nation, without considering how much they hazarded British rights for Hanoverian partialities, identified itself with the personal cause of the king. This led to an explanation with Frederick, by which former misunderstandings between him and Hanover were removed, and a treaty was signed at London, in January, 1756, by which it was agreed that the contracting powers should keep all foreigners out of the empire. There had been other measures arranged between Great Britain and Russia to oppose the designs of France, and the former required that they should be renounced for the more necessary co-operation with Frederick.

The King of Prussia, aware of the extensive alliance which Maria Theresa had formed with Elizabeth, demanded an explanation from the Court of Vienna of the preparations which he saw a-foot. The answer was equivocal; and in the meantime, on the pretext of military reviews, the King of Poland had drawn together an army of sixteen thousand men, with which he occupied the important post of Pirna. Frederick required this camp to be dispersed. His request being refused, he invested it with the view

of forcing it to surrender by famine. Thus the celebrated seven years' war began. The Austrians were unable to relieve the Saxons, who were obliged to surrender. The Prussians took up their winter-quarters in Saxony, seized upon the revenues, levied contributions, and compelled the country to furnish recruits. Frederick made himself master of the archives of Dresden, and acquired the documents of those alliances, of which he had been privately informed, and for which he had been led to undertake the war.

As soon as he entered Saxony, a process was commenced against him before the diet of the empire. The influence of Austria, which dictated this proceeding, prevailed. He was condemned for contumacy, and, being put under the ban of the empire, was adjudged fallen from all the dignities and possessions which he held under it. The circles of the empire were required to furnish their respective contingents of men and money to put this sentence in execution; but the troops were badly composed, and the money slowly collected.

The affairs of Maria Theresa now wore a more promising aspect; united with Russia, Poland, and

France, she had only Prussia to resist. Elizabeth, faithful to her treaties, sent sixty thousand men into the field. France advanced the flower of her army, amounting to eighty thousand, attended by a vast train of artillery, towards Prussia; and besides the contingents of the empire, the Austrians themselves had collected upwards of a hundred thousand men in Bohemia, making a coalitionary force of more than two hundred and forty thousand, backed by the population and resources of four of the greatest nations in Europe. The object of this tremendous preparation was to deprive Prussia of the petty dukedom of Silesia, and to settle a geographical dispute between statesmen relative to the limits of wilds in which there was not one inhabitant of the same political consideration as the meanest of their menials. The force which Frederick had to resist this confederacy was not estimated at more than a hundred thousand Prussians, with a body of about thirty thousand Hanoverians and Hessians.

The French army moved slowly, encumbered with baggage, and followed by many idlers.

The King of Prussia, conscious of the limited

nature of his resources, and convinced of the necessity of sparing them, resolved to carry the war into the territory of Maria Theresa. His army, in three bodies, accordingly entered Bohemia by three different routes. The Austrians imagined that he himself intended to execute some special design, and with this idea detached a body of twenty thousand men to watch his motions. But Frederick suddenly turned aside and cut off the communication between that detachment and the main Austrian army. Advancing, then, towards Prague, he joined his other two divisions.

The Austrians assembled at Prague one hundred thousand men ; their camp, strong by nature, was fortified in so masterly a manner that it might have been deemed impregnable. The Prussians were nearly equal in numbers. Participating in the spirit of their king, and filled with that enthusiasm which almost ensures success to the most hazardous enterprises, they performed incredible feats of bravery and discipline ; passed morasses, climbed precipices, forced batteries, and, after a resistance so bold that it conferred honour on the vanquished, totally defeated

their enemies. They took the camp, the military chest, cannon, and all the trophies of complete victory. The slaughter on both sides was dreadful, and each had to deplore the fall of a great general.

About forty thousand of the Austrians took refuge in Prague, which Frederick surrounded. On the 29th May, at midnight, after a storm of thunder, a rocket discharged into the air was the signal for four batteries to vomit destruction; a hail of red-hot shot accompanied the more terrible meteors of bombs, and the city was soon in flames. The magistrates, the clergy, and the people with cries supplicated the commander to listen to terms; but, deaf to their entreaties, he drove twelve thousand of the most helpless persons beyond the walls. The Prussians, with the merciless maxims of war, forced them back. The fortunes of Maria Theresa were in the utmost extremity, and the friends of the King of Prussia began to compute the distance to Vienna.

In this crisis, Leopold Count Daun entered the stage. He had been formed by experience under the greatest generals, in the most illustrious battles. Born noble, he had risen in the army without court

favour, by the slow advocacy of mere merit, with much esteem, and without noise. He arrived within a few miles of Prague on the day after the battle, and collecting the fugitives, retired to Kolin, a post of great strength. No man better understood the superiority of the Prussian troops, and, sensible of the effect of defeat on his own men, he was cautious in his decisions. His situation embarrassed the Prussians; a large division of their army was requisite to watch him. This weakened their efforts, and the confidence of his men revived.

Frederick, aware of what would be the consequences of delay, determined to dislodge him from Kolin; but overrating the spirit of his troops, or undervaluing the capacity of his antagonist, or not aware then of the importance of never acting with divided forces, he attacked Daun with only thirty-two thousand men, although the count's army was sixty thousand, posted in one of the strongest situations, and defended by a vast train of artillery.

All that confidence, inspired by success, and seconded by discipline, could attempt, was performed by the Prussians. Seven times repulsed, they re-

turned seven times to the assault, with exasperated energy. The brothers of the king were in the field, acting as became them, and Frederick himself, at the head of his cavalry, made a tremendous charge; but the Austrians were like rocks on the sea-shore, and the Prussians, like the impetuous waves, were constantly driven back. They quitted the field. Every misfortune has its follower. Though the King of Prussia was not pursued, he was yet obliged to raise the siege of Prague, evacuate Bohemia, and take refuge in Saxony.

Thus Fate, which but a short time before menaced Maria Theresa, frowned upon Frederick; but the foresight of the man rectified the errors of the king. He remained in Saxony, suffering the imperial army to advance towards Misnia, and even to threaten Leipsic with a siege, before he began to act. His resolution was to fight as near Misnia as possible, and in the winter; because, if successful, he would prevent the Austrians from recovering their loss that year, and if he failed, he could retire into Saxony.

On the 27th October he collected his forces, and marched to the confines of Misnia. The allied Ger-

mans and French fell back as he approached, but on the 5th November the two armies met at Rosbach. The allies amounted to fifty thousand men; the Prussians did not exceed half this number, but they were headed by Frederick, who, before the battle, addressed them to the following effect :—

"Companions, the hour is come in which all that is or ought to be dear to us, depends upon our swords. Time permits me to say but little, nor is there occasion to say much. You know that no labour, nor hunger, nor cold, nor watching, nor danger you have borne, I have not taken a part in; and I am ready now to lay down my life with and for you. All that I ask is the pledge of fidelity that I give; and, let me add, not as an incitement to your courage, but as a testimony of my gratitude, from this hour, until you go into quarters, your pay shall be doubled. Acquit yourselves like men, and put your trust in God."

The effect was such as always follows magnanimity. The emotion of the soldiers burst into shouts; and while their bosoms beat with the frenzy of glory, their eyes flashed with heroism—the assurance and omen of success.

Frederick led on his troops; the enemy gave way in every part, and fled in disorder. Three thousand lay dead on the field; eight generals, two hundred and fifty officers, and six thousand private men, were prisoners. Night alone saved the fugitives from the vengeance of the pursuit.

In the meantime, another division of the Imperialists laid siege to Schweidnitz, and obliged it, with four thousand Prussians, to surrender. But another division of that army was under the walls of Breslaw. The Imperialists, hearing of the defeat at Rosbach, advanced to attack. This army sustained the assault with amazing intrepidity, and the slaughter of the Austrians was prodigious. They retreated, and the Prussians unexpectedly took the same resolution. They had suffered greatly, and were apprehensive of a total defeat. The Austrians in consequence saw themselves with astonishment masters of the field.

After the battle of Rosbach, Frederick advanced towards Breslaw; the Austrians quitted the camp which had been abandoned by the Prussians, and, confident in their numbers, resolved to give battle.

On the 5th December, the armies met at Leuthen. The ground which the Austrians occupied was a plain, here and there rising into small eminences. On these were planted artillery, and the thickets were also turned to advantage. To impede the operations of the Prussian cavalry, large trees which ornamented the plain in front, were felled as they grew.

In this situation, and thus defended, Daun reckoned under his command seventy thousand men. The Prussian army, harassed by a long march, did not exceed thirty-six thousand; but the dispositions of Daun's army were only for defence—the genius of the Prussians excelled in attack.

The battle resembled the assault of desultory fortifications, and the Prussians were successful in storming them. Six thousand Austrians were slain, and fifteen thousand taken prisoners, with immense stores, and above two hundred pieces of cannon. The Prussians, immediately after the victory, laid siege to Breslaw, which capitulated on the 29th December; the garrison, thirteen thousand men, were made prisoners; and the duchy of Silesia, which seemed re-

covered to Maria Theresa, was thus, by the fickleness of fortune, repossessed by Frederick.

The havoc of the last campaign produced no overtures for peace. The confederates were rather irritated than alarmed by the successes of Frederick, and the French drew themselves into closer alliance with the Austrians. The alliance between Frederick and the British was likewise drawn firmer. On the 11th April, 1758, Great Britain engaged to pay him a subsidy of L.670,000, and not to make peace without Prussia.

Frederick this year resolved to carry the war into Moravia, and Maria Theresa omitted no effort to repair her losses. Daun, however, was not in a condition, even at the end of May, 1758, to give battle to Frederick.

While the Prussian army laid siege to Ollmutz, he placed his forces in the mountainous country between Gewics and Lettau, where he could not be attacked, and securing an intercourse with the fertile plains of Bohemia, was enabled to harass his enemies, and to intercept the convoys sent to them from Silesia.

Ollmutz, by the extent of its works, is not easily surrounded; so the posts of Frederick were often weakened by the extent of country which they were obliged to occupy, and Daun from time to time availing himself of their condition, frequently succeeded in throwing succours into the town. These enterprises kept the Prussian camp in constant alarm. The king endeavoured to draw Daun into an engagement, but he was not of a character to play at hazard, nor tempted to stake advantages possessed on the uncertain issue of battle; his object was, to frustrate the Prussians of their supplies, and he succeeded in doing so by skill and generalship.

In the meantime, the Russians were coming down upon the Prussian territory; already the Cossacks and Calmucks ravaged the borders of Silesia, the precursors of the devastating storm of barbarians lowering behind. The judicious measures of Daun counteracted the schemes of Frederick, who saw that Ollmutz must be renounced, and Moravia abandoned. Nevertheless, the alert genius of this enterprising monarch, though baffled in the attainment of its immediate object, was not dismayed. Instead of re-

turning into Silesia, he took his way through another part of the Austrian territories. To the last moment in which he determined to raise the siege, he continued the fire. In the evening he struck his tents, and had gained a full march before Daun was informed that he had moved from his ground.

By the retreat of Frederick, Daun was enabled to act on the offensive. He accordingly resolved to attempt the liberation of Saxony, and suffered the king to proceed towards the Russians that menaced the Brandenburg territory.

At this time the imperial court was highly elated with recent successes. The little consideration hitherto maintained towards Great Britain was thrown off. On the 21st August, George II., in the capacity of Elector of Hanover, with all the other Germans, confederates of Frederick, were threatened by the Aulic Council with penalties, indignity in person and estate, and every extremity was resorted to, but that of actually putting them under the ban of the empire. This decree, principally aimed against George II., is a mournful instance of the ingratitude of courts, and the instability of the friendship of kings.

Maria Theresa, in this proceeding, showed how lightly the greatest favours are esteemed when past. She forgot, that by the generosity of the venerable monarch, she was enabled to maintain her own rights, and that by him she was empowered to raise the very arm with which she menaced him.

Daun, though one of the most prudent generals of whom history affords memorials, was, by his superior caution, often actually imprudent. His movements towards Saxony were characterised by the slow conclusions of his understanding; and while he meditated on different plans, Frederick fought and discomfited the Russians, and was returning flushed with victory to give him battle.

On the 13th of October, in the dead of night, Daun seeing no alternative, advanced in three columns towards the right of the Prussian camp, which he reached at five o'clock next morning. The Prussians had not time to strike their tents when the attack began. The celebrated Marshal Keith received two musket-balls, and fell on the spot, and Prince Francis, of Brunswick, had his head shot off by a cannon-ball, as he stood by his horse ready to

mount; but Frederick by his activity remedied these losses, and rescued the army from the confusion of the alarm.

The Prussians fought with their characteristic intrepidity. The Austrians poured in fresh troops wherever the battle raged fiercest. For five hours the engagement was doubtful, but at last the Prussians began to fail, and the king sounded a retreat. They lost seven thousand men,—the Austrians about five thousand. Daun acquired the field, but Frederick accomplished his retreat.

The fruit of Daun's success enabled him to resume his plans for the rescue of Saxony. He therefore advanced, after various inconsiderable operations, with about sixty thousand men towards Dresden. Frederick, having recovered in some degree the effects of the disaster, marched on the same day that Daun reached the capital, to oppose him. The town was but meanly fortified, the garrison weak; and the governor perceiving that the Austrians would annoy him from the suburbs, determined to set them on fire.

The suburbs of Dresden composed one of the finest towns in Europe. In them the wealthiest inhabitants resided, and the manufactures were carried

on, for which the place was celebrated. Daun, apprehensive of the consequences of destroying so fine a portion of the city, endeavoured to intimidate the governor from his purpose, by making him personally answerable; but he replied to the threats as became a soldier. "I will not only burn the suburbs if you advance," said he, "but will defend the town street by street, and, at last, even the castle itself, if compelled." The magistrates fell at his feet, and implored him to change his resolution. Part of the royal family, who still remained, joined the supplications of the magistrates, but he continued stern. Combustibles were laid in all the houses. At three o'clock in the morning of the 10th of November, the torches were lighted, and the signal given. Soon the crackling of destruction was heard; the flames burst from the roofs, and the Prussians retired into the town.

Daun saw the rising flames, and sent empty threats to the governor. The Saxon minister made grievous outcry to the Diet of Ratisbon, and the emissaries of the Court of Vienna forgot that mankind have memories, and talked of this as unheard of guilt.

The burning of the suburbs secured the town, and

Daun was obliged to retire—the best proof of the hardihood of the measure. On the 20th November, the King of Prussia triumphantly arrived at Dresden, and the Austrians retired into Bohemia.

Frederick having thus twice acquired the mastery of Saxony, resolved to consider it as a conquest. He ordered such of the counsellors of the King of Poland and the adherents of the court, as still remained there, instantly to depart; but while he breathed this order on his enemies, he did not treat the inhabitants as subjects. History would veil the acts of oppression by which the commentator on Machiavelli[1] showed how well he understood the practice of those maxims which he pretended to refute.

The pecuniary distress of Maria Theresa was, at the beginning of the year 1759, of the most necessitous kind. Her armies had suffered severely, and her hereditary dominions were greatly laid waste.

The house of Austria has a strength peculiar to itself; more deficient in revenue than almost any other great state in Europe, yet, from the character

[1] Frederick has written a commentary on the Prince.

of its subjects, and the nature of its territorial tenures, it is better able than most other civilized powers to maintain a vigorous war. Her territories are ample and fertile, and the inhabitants, looking forward to military occupation, submit with alacrity to the hardship of giving free quarters to the soldiery, and the soldiery are content with a plentiful table in lieu of pay.

Austria is not a State, from the nature of its circumstances, that can ever produce decisive effects on the other countries in Europe, but its interior relations are admirably calculated to maintain itself. The want of a pecuniary revenue unfits it for acting beyond its own jurisdiction with that effect which might be expected from its greatness. For nearly three hundred years it has in consequence been declining. Its more active and rich neighbours have been lopping it gradually, and never has it, unassisted, acted with efficient effect on them, nor ever has it been able to maintain in all that time any war with adequate vigour beyond its own dominions. But to return to our history.

The affairs of the year 1759 were not so brilliant as either of the preceding. Daun seemed to trust

to the developement of advantages that would arise from a system that partook more of the defensive than offensive. He recovered Dresden, but the Prussians still retained the best part of Saxony.

A winter remarkably severe succeeded the campaign, and the rigour of nature almost equalled the guilt of man. Birds fell dead from the air, and sentinels were frozen to death—diseases which began in the armies diffused themselves among the Saxons, and made dreadful havoc—a pestilence seized upon their cattle—famine was added to the afflictions of that unfortunate people, and there was no prospect of relief.

The King of Prussia had sustained great losses. Besides the wounded, and the thousands that had perished, he had lost, since the year 1756, forty generals, either slain in battle or dead of disease; but still, by his indefatigable industry, no gaps were seen in his ranks. They no longer consisted, however, of the same troops with which he had commenced the war, and his own heroism was to supply that deficiency of discipline which new recruits necessarily felt. His allied enemies were each greater than him-

self, and vindictive, for the blows with which he had chastised them.

Frederick, fully aware of his circumstances, resolved, according to his original scheme of the war, to reserve himself for the close of the year; by this means he acquired time for the discipline of his new troops, and in the event of success, he prevented his enemies from speedily redeeming their losses, while, in case of defeat, he provided for his retreat. He fortified himself, with a numerous train of artillery, in a situation which enabled him to protect the most material parts of Saxony. Daun, perceiving his design, covered his army with fortifications, while Laudohn, with a strong disencumbered army, sometimes threatened to penetrate to Berlin, at others affected to join the Russians; and, after a variety of feints, succeeded, on the 23d June, 1760, in defeating General Fouquet, with great slaughter. He afterwards took Glatz, and by that means laid all Silesia open to the Austrians.

In the meantime, Frederick was occupied in Saxony, but no sooner aware of what Laudohn had performed, than he resolved to march towards Si-

lesia. Daun, apprized of his intention, determined to thwart him, and the two armies continued their route through Lusatia; but Daun got the start of Frederick. None daunted, however, the king suddenly altered his course, and, while the other was in Silesia, started up like a mine before Dresden, and laid siege to it with the utmost vigour. All Europe was surprised at this manœuvre, and a decision, formed in consequence of the frustration of a design, was considered as a premeditated and masterly stratagem.

Dresden, after falling into the hands of the Austrians, had been fortified with additional works. The burning of the suburbs to keep them out was of advantage, when they had to defend the works; and General Macquire, the governor, replied, when summoned to surrender, that it was impossible the King of Prussia could have been apprized of his being intrusted with the defence of the town, otherwise so great a captain as his Majesty would not have made such a proposal to an officer of his standing. "I am resolved," said he, "to defend the capital, and to resist the king to the utmost." The siege was commenced.

Daun, in Silesia, hearing of the bold decision of Frederick, immediately returned, and, on the 19th of June, appeared within a league of Dresden, but his approach only caused the Prussians to redouble their efforts. On the 21st he threw in reinforcements to the garrison, and Frederick saw that it was useless to continue besieging an army within the town, while harassed by another without. The siege was raised.

From Dresden, Frederick, leaving Daun behind, resumed his march towards Silesia, and reached Lignitz. Daun, pursuing him, effected a junction with other divisions, and began to act offensively. He reconnoitred Lignitz, resolved to attack Frederick, and to do it under the covert of night. Every thing was arranged in the most cautious manner that the most prudent general of the age could suggest. When the darkness closed in, the whole of Daun's force began to move, but nothing was seen, only a noise as of many waters arose on all sides. Presently it was understood that the patrols which had been advanced as the feelers of the general body, returned, and said they could find no outposts. The day dawned, and the Prussian camp was deserted; a thick smoke and a distant cannonade drew the attention of the asto-

nished Austrians. It was Frederick, already successfully engaged with a division of their army.

On the evening of the 18th of July, he had been informed of the Russians' approach, and, at the same time, secretly apprized of the Austrians' design. Sensible of his danger, he at once resolved to abandon his camp at Lignitz, but in doing this, he fell in with Laudohn's division, and it was with it that he was engaged when Daun beheld him at the break of day. In this affair the Austrians lost six thousand killed, wounded, and prisoners; and the Russians were so much alarmed, that they deserted their allies to save themselves.

However, to vindicate the stain which they had suffered at Lignitz, the allies entered Berlin, which they treated with more clemency than might have been expected. They kept possession of it only four days, but in their retreat the country suffered more than the city did in their possession.

On the 3d of November, Frederick conceived his affairs to be in such jeopardy, that he saw no other chance of retrieving them but by engaging Daun with manifest disadvantage. A battle took place accord-

ingly. Daun acted with all the firmness of the greatest general; but there was a genius for war about the Prussian monarch, superior to all prudence, and if not victor, he remained master of the field. On no former day had he displayed equal talent; wounded in the battle, his energy rose with his difficulties; and his conduct on that occasion surpassed the admiration of his friends.

The war had now raged for five years; nothing had been gained by either party. Thousands were slain — fertile tracts desolated — magnificent cities burned—kingdoms visited with every species of calamity—and sovereigns themselves began to taste the misfortunes which they had brought on their subjects.

In the spring of 1761, the allies agreed to offer peace. France, the instigator of all the calamities of Europe, had felt so many mortifications from Great Britain, that she grew tired of the war, and with her originated the measure. Augsburg was appointed for the negotiation. Every thing promised well; but while the work of peace was apparently prosperous, she was secretly arranging the family compact

of the Bourbons. After several useless exchanges of papers, the separate negotiation between France and England was broken up, and the Congress at Augsburg never took place; but the French gained by their manœuvres with Spain greater advantages than the greatest victories, occasioning the resignation of the elder Pitt, and the haughty but inert monarchy of Spain was added, in consequence, to the alliance with Maria Theresa.

Europe, at the beginning of 1762, presented a troubled scene. None of the confederates were disposed to relent, but the most remarkable circumstance in this crisis was that virtual alteration of the balance system, by Austria and France, which had been instituted in the time of Leo X., and maintained at the expense of many wars.

Although France in the course of the war had suffered many discomfitures, and though the British nation gloried in the renown of their arms, yet now when the passion of the time has subsided, a calm survey of the state of nations obliges us to draw conclusions unfavourable to the soundness of that opinion which has been held of the administration of

the first Pitt. France, it is true, was disgraced in all her naval and military movements; but her diplomacy was transcendently successful, and excelled all her warlike artifices for the acquisition of power. Before her revolution, Austria, by the alliance of 1756, indirectly acknowledged that she felt herself in need of the aid of France, and Versailles was not frequented by spirits that would lose the effect of this alliance. The moment that Austria ceased to be jealous of France, her genius acknowledged rebuke, and the ascendency of the latter was obvious and progressive. The present age has seen the effects, and tasted the bitter fruits. Austria has more and more sunk; her efforts to regain the vantage-ground have only served to weaken her strength, and to leave her, at the end of each new struggle, lower and more depressed than before.

On the 2d January, 1762, Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, died, an inveterate enemy of Frederick; by her death, Maria Theresa lost as true a friend as could be expected in a princess, as faithful an ally as a Russian court is capable of producing, and a coadjutor stimulated by personal rancour against their

common foe. She was the daughter of Peter the Great, and inherited the vigour of his mind, and the coarseness of his passions. The character of her successor promised happy fruits to his subjects, but he was only a theoretical legislator. Thinking that mankind would acquiesce like machines in his projects, he carried them into effect with inconsiderate despotism: meaning only good, he produced nothing but evil.

The first political movement of the new Emperor of Russia was a declaration of neutrality in the war against Frederick; he afterwards allied himself with that king, which enabled him to act again on the offensive. On the 12th of May, a division of the Prussian army, commanded by Prince Henry, defeated a body of the Imperialists, and acquired, in consequence, the mastery of Saxony.

Frederick, reinforced by the Russians, who had been lately against him, prepared to take the field, but he gained no obvious advantage, and his antagonist Daun retreated to the extremity of Silesia.

Arbitrary kings may commit greater offences against mankind with impunity than limited monarchs, but

they are also more exposed to the retribution of their people. Peter III. of Russia rendered himself obnoxious, and being deposed, his wife, who, under the name of Catherine II., seated herself on the throne, and exercised a degree of ability rarely seen in sovereigns, decided on remaining neutral in the war, and recalled the troops which her husband had sent to assist the King of Prussia.

On the 21st of July her orders arrived at the allied camp for the Russians to return home. Frederick, none daunted by the change, resolved to attack Daun before that general could be informed of the news, and next day he engaged the Austrians, and was successful. Perhaps no incident in the history of Frederick shows the alertness of his character so distinctly as this affair; but it may be considered only as a brilliant sally of genius, than as one of those events which deserve to be regarded as great, by the greatness of their consequences.

Austria, tired of the war, concluded a peace at Hubertsburgh.

When the many vicissitudes of the seven years' war are considered, the mind turns with shuddering

from the thought of the dreadful things which man, in the wantonness of power, may be tempted to commit. The peace of Hubertsburgh was an agreement of mutual oblivion and restitution. The royal game was finished, and the monarchs rose from the board as they had sat down.

REPOSE.

How tranquil on the amber sea
The golden light of evening glows!
And soaring smoke and list'ning tree
Bid leisure sing and toil repose.

From village green, the shouts so gay
Swell musical, by distance sweet;
Glad sparkling streamlets leap and play,
And gleeful bats their flights repeat.

O'er all the landscape wide and far
The shadowy shapes of twilight spread,
And kindling shines the silver star,
That gems the western mountain's head.

At such an hour the calm sea wave
Comes fondling to the peaceful shore;

And boats are launched, and fishers brave
Rig the tall mast, and poise the oar.

Far o'er the deep, the beacon's eye
Beams bright with hope; and ringing clear,
The curfew tells the passer by,
Of blithesome hearths and chimney cheer.

The weary then delighted rest,
The sad forget their bosom's pain,
And welcome waits the lingering guest,
That wends along the tedious plain.

Soft whispering to the gentle heart,
Benignant Nature speaks of bliss,
And care and grief pause or depart;—
The earth hath times of happiness.

COLONIZATION.

A MAN is very apt to estimate the value of what he has done, by the attention which he himself may have bestowed on it. On the subject of Colonization I may have fallen into this error, for undoubtedly, though my system requires but a small space for explanation, it has, in upwards of five-and-twenty years, occasioned to me more reflection than any of my literary productions; indeed, than all my other works put together. I therefore entreat indulgence while I offer it to public consideration.

During the late war, my attention was somehow drawn to the great armies then a-foot, and a kind of wonderment was awakened as to what would be the effect on society, when such vast masses were broken up.—They consisted of men in the prime of life, bred up in predatory habits and reckless pursuits. Peace

seemed as fraught with perils as the continuance of war; and yet war could not ever be continued, though mankind almost seemed to consider it as the natural and necessary state of society.

This train of thought, with the objects around me, and the ruins among which, at that time, I was comparatively a solitary wanderer, being months together without using my mother tongue, caused me to see a utility in the magnificent follies of the ancients,—something which made them venerable as monuments of a blind political wisdom. Pyramids, walls of China, and Babylonian towers, became hallowed as expedients of great statesmen, to employ the population of nations in periods of tranquillity, and they thenceforth, for ever in my mind, ceased to be regarded as the prodigalities of ostentatious kings.

When I had satisfied myself that the mighty labours of ancient ages served a public purpose, and that those works, to which we apply derogatory epithets, were the result of benevolent instincts, I became persuaded, that in the commercial and manufacturing systems, subsequently developed, there was a field opened for the employment of men in addition

to the profession of arms, by which the necessity of raising "wonders" was superseded.

In this stage of things, I found the world of Columbus had been discovered; and as the tide of mankind was evidently flowing westward, I inferred from that tendency, that a region, in which there would only prevail a mitigated spirit of war, was opened, by its comparative solitude, for the reception of the superabundant population of the old world, in which, by the growth of Christian principles, a race was growing up inclined to sedateness and peace. In a word, I considered the discovery of America as equivalent to the creation of another continent, purposely to relieve the oppressed of the old, and to afford an asylum to those who were inclined to the moderation of that way of life, which derives its comforts from other employments than the glories of our hemisphere.

After the battle of Waterloo, the Armageddon of the old world, the result I apprehended took place. Peace brought calamities, in so much that even statesmen openly confessed that the "revulsion" puzzled their science. It was then that my suspicion of the existence of a superabundant population in this coun-

try was confirmed to myself; but it was only a theoretical opinion. I had no facts from which to draw my conclusion, but I was not the less confident that the inference was sound, even while I saw around me men busy in devising contrivances to palliate the effects of the poor laws, as if by them the evil could be removed.

In this crisis, being agent for the sufferers in the late American war in Upper Canada, my attention was drawn to the crown reserves in that province, as capable of furnishing the means, by sale, of paying my constituents; and in the transactions consequent, I began to acquire more distinct notions of the end, as I called it, for which the new continent was formed: out of that business grew the Canada Company, the best and greatest colonial project ever formed, but which, I do conceive, was never fully understood by those who had the supreme management. It has, however, in the scope of the arrangements, been improved upon in my second company, the British American Land Company; and could I have proceeded with my third, the Nova Scotia Company, I think, from the character of mind I had observed in the

straightforwardness of Mr Stanley,* I would have got the whole of my colonial system adopted with respect to it.

While engaged in digesting a plan of operations for the Canada Company, the Emigration Committee of the House of Commons was sitting on those enquiries, which to have instituted, I conceive Mr Horton has not only conferred a boon on his country, but on mankind; for although, theoretically, there was no doubt with those who paid attention to the subject, that the country, under its present order of things, was overpeopled, still the evidence of facts to convince the rest of the world was nowhere accessible. To myself, the report of the committee gave stability to opinion, and cleared indistinct notions from the nebulous characteristics with which they were invested. From that report, my ideas certainly took the form of what may be called principles, which, without controversy, might be communicated to others. I was thus enabled to complete my Colonial system, of which the following grounds are the basis.

I. It is as completely ascertained by Parliamentary

* I do not know him even by sight.

demonstration, as any fact can be, that the population of the United Kingdom furnishes more labourers than there is labour for them to do.

II. That, in consequence, a large proportion of the labouring population is at present supported by the poor rates.

III. That under the name of poor rates, a tax is levied for the support of those who would maintain themselves, could they find employment.

IV. That this state of things is calculated to engender dangerous discontents; people of property are averse to be taxed for the support of the able-bodied, and the able-bodied are naturally seditious against that frame of society which consigns them to poverty.

V. That these discontents are fraught with pernicious influences to the present allotments of property, and calculated to lead to revolutionary appropriations.

VI. This state of things is now pretty generally seen, and various modes of changing the currents of men's thoughts, and of abridging the evil, have been imagined, but have not been carried into effect.

VII. That the cause of this has been, by making

the United Kingdom, which is the seat of the evil, furnish the means of getting rid of the evil, whereas the countries to be benefited by the surplusage of the population thrown off by emigration, should bear the burden of the relief.

VIII. That there is much crown land in the North American provinces without inhabitants, which might be settled by the superabundant population of the United Kingdom.

IX. That the means do not exist in the colonies to transport the superabundant population to the wild lands, and that the mother country ought not to bear that expense.

X. That therefore a value should be set on the wild lands, which should be brought to sale, and the proceeds constituted a fund to defray the expense of transporting the able-bodied from the mother country to the colony, and to defray the expense of public works there, in order to furnish employment to the emigrants after their arrival.

XI. That the lands should be assigned for sale to agents, at the value set upon them by Government.

XII. That the land should not be sold in retail at less than a hundred per cent advanced on the Govern-

ment price, the agents accounting to Government for the sales.

XIII. That all purchasers should be made to perform settlement duties.

XIV. That all expenses whatever should be defrayed out of the retail price, so as to render the wholesale valuation available to Government, that in proportion to the sales may be the encouragement to emigration.

N. B. The advantage of employing agents, instead of selling to companies, is that a revaluation may be made from time to time.

In fact, my whole system, as deduced from these data, resolves itself into this :—

Let the Government fix a minimum price on colonial lands, at which it will sell to individual settlers, or companies, or assign for sale to agents, as merchandise, and constitute by the proceeds a fund, from which it will construct public works in the respective colonies, and defray the expense of removing to them the superabundant labourers from the mother country.

This is all my plan, the essence of my cogitations, and it is as practicable and simple as it is concise; indeed, towards this complexion has the colonial system been working ever since the first settlement was formed. I take, in fact, no other merit for the conception, than in seeing that a benevolent element was mingled, as an ore with earth, with the hitherto existing colonial prodigality, and I have endeavoured to smelt it.

Connected, no doubt, with the system I propose, are many things which perhaps require explanation, the more especially as it is almost established as a right, that an able-bodied labourer, who cannot find employment, ought to be supported by his parish. I reject this fallacy. In England, where there are poor rates, to which the able-bodied labourer can apply, the matter may admit of temporary toleration; but Scotland, and particularly Ireland, where there are no poor rates, show that it is an abuse of liberality to sanction it. An able-bodied person can naturally have no right to a maintenance from the labour of others,—which receiving parochial aid certainly is. But it is one of the duties of Government to remove

the impediments which may be placed in the way of his finding employment.

The Atlantic is one of these, supposing there is work enough in America; and if this be not the case, Government should, in my opinion, undertake public works, out of the fund before mentioned, to provide it for him. To do this, is by setting a value on the wild lands of the colony, and, as I have said, by constituting from the price, as they are sold, a fund to overcome the impediment of the sea, and to justify the Government to undertake public works. Indeed, nothing can be more absurd, than to suppose the community of the mother country obliged to provide for her progeny, after they have reached an age when they are capable of providing for themselves, though I willingly allow that it is the duty of Government to help them; and the best way of doing this, is to open to them those tracts and regions, in which colonies may be planted. The best way of lessening the evils of the old world, is to improve the condition of the new; and to something of this kind my thoughts have constantly gravitated, and to it, in riper years, they have been uniformly more

clearly directed; nor has contumely abashed my desire, nor premature infirmity abated the aspiration: even in writing this brief sketch, there is a hope around me that a luckier will reap the happiness of seeing that there are few more quiet ways of amending the institutions of mankind. The course of nature is not to sanction the violence with which radical alterations must be forced, by attempting to change the fabric of established society. If we look at home, all is in revolutionary fermentation, and it is only by casting our eyes to the colonies—those safety-valves, to which the existing frame of society may owe its preservation—that the ebullition, the progress of knowledge, may be continued with safety.

N. B. Having adverted to my wish to form a Land Company for Nova Scotia, I think that, connected with the statement of the obstacles, there are considerations worthy of attention; and to place these in as brief a form as possible, I have presumed to give, subjoined, a private letter, which I wrote to Mr Stanley on the subject.

(Letter addressed to the Right Honourable E. G. Stanley, His Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Colonies.)

Barn Cottage, January 3, 1834.

SIR,

* * * * * *

Mr C——d has called upon me, and I have heard, with extreme surprise, that the Crown is not supposed to possess much land in the province (Nova Scotia), and what it does, the Commissioner sells in retail for about two shillings per acre.

By the common accounts, the Crown is represented as possessing nearly six millions of acres, and in different parts about two millions of a good quality. Upon this return the idea was formed of establishing the Company. I therefore think it necessary to state,

First, If there be not good land sufficient whereby about two millions of acres could be sold, it would not be expedient to make the attempt to form a Company; because a less quantity would not bear the requisite expense of management, at the value of land in Nova Scotia.

Second, That the minerals in the possession of the General Mining Company form an insurmountable difficulty, unless that Company can be induced to join a Land Company.

And therefore, before going further, it seems necessary to be ascertained,

First, What quantity of available land is at the disposal of Government in the province,

On this head I anticipated that large blocks could not be sold, and therefore intended, if the General Mining Company were disposed to unite, to propose to buy or acquire a preemption to a given quantity, say two millions of acres, in any, or all parts of the province.

Second, That the price should be low, to induce the General Mining Company to allow a modification of their grant.

This modification I intended to submit previously to yourself, and to suggest, that it should be asked of the General Mining Company to resign their right to the minerals back to the Crown, in lands that had been granted, and that the right should be offered for sale within a specified time to the proprietors of the soil. This idea was founded on a belief, that (saving the royal metals of gold and silver) the Crown has exceeded its prerogative in reserving the common minerals, or, in other words, reserving that to which it cannot give access, but by evading the principle of the law; for it is needless to state that the Crown has no prerogative but the permission of the people, and that no such grant as has been given of the minerals in Nova Scotia, should have been made without an act of Parliament previously obtained.* The minerals have, however, been granted, and the quietest way of getting rid of the inadvertency, is by attaching again the minerals to the lordship of the soil. I should here mention, that in considering this question, it occurred to me that the idea of buying from the General Mining Company their grant might be entertained. I have no idea of the

* Since this was written, I have some reason to believe that Government adheres to the old practice of exercising a power of reserving a right to dispose of minerals in the colonies separate from the land, and that this right has been exercised, after my resignation, in a recent instance, with the British American Land Company; nevertheless I remain unchanged in my opinion.

I may mention here, that it has always seemed to me, that erroneous notions prevail respecting the wild lands in the colonies. Government, I think, assumes that it can fix for the crown lands what price it pleases, but there is so much wild land in the possession of individuals, that I can see the price of all land is regulated absolutely by the rate at which these individuals will sell, and accordingly the standard of price is in their hands.

value they set upon it, but it might be bought, I should think, on this principle—supposing a price agreed upon, the existing proprietors of the soil should be required to pay a sum of money for the minerals in their land; that the works of the Company should be sold, and that these, with the price of land sold hereafter, should constitute a fund, out of which the General Mining Company might be paid for their grant, without any cost to the British nation. I throw out the hint, because, sooner or later, the question will be seriously brought into consideration; as it cannot be long endured, that the General Mining Company's monopoly will be suffered to stand unquestioned, pernicious as it is to the progress of the colony.

In sounding privately the practicability of forming a Nova Scotia Company, I am led to believe, that supposing there is sufficient land, and the claim to the minerals disposed of, the difficulty could be overcome;—the British American Land Company being at a premium of five pounds on the fifty pound share, and the shares are in request: the deposit is only three pounds per share.

I have presumed to mention that, if a Company were to be treated with, Government would, in all probability, regulate itself by something like the principles of the Canada Company, and the British American Land Company. Having long withdrawn from any connexion with the New Brunswick Company, I am not aware in what respects it differs from them; but it was my intention to submit to yourself whether a new company might not afford an opportunity of making an important and popular improvement in our Colonial system. It appears to me, sir, that the labourers in this country exceed the labour to be done: in the means of applying a remedy, I have always differed personally from Mr Horton. My notion is, that the new countries should pay for transporting to them the superabundant population of the old, by putting a price on the wild lands, and applying

the proceeds of sales to removing the labourers in the first place, and in the second to provide work for them on their arrival. The latter is done, to the extent of half the price, in the case of the British American; but nothing has been determined as to the appropriation of the other moiety,—a point deserving of attention as applicable to Ireland and Scotland, where there are no poor rates to mortgage, and as a boon to England, where the poor rates are heavy enough.

I beg, sir, your indulgence for this long letter, and to express how much I am indebted to you for the unofficial manner I have been allowed to proceed so far in an experiment, the result of which, though not yet satisfactory, shows the advantage of going about with an indirect countenance.

I have the honour, &c.

It may be proper to add to this letter some details that have occurred to me on the Plantation of Colonies, connected, in my humble opinion, with what should be the system; but, whether right or wrong, the agitation of the question at this time cannot be otherwise than beneficial. Accordingly, I subjoin what occurs to me on this head,—rather, however, to excite discussion, with a view to determine what may be the best mode, than as a plan for adoption, although it may seem to wear that form.

THE PLANTING OF COLONIES.

Taking the settlement at the Swan River as the latest example, I consider the system of the British

Government in the planting of colonies as unworthy of the age. It is not, however, to indulge in animadversions on the faults of that system I presume to solicit the attention of the reader, but to offer a few hints which may be conducive to its improvement. In doing this, it will not, I trust, be alleged that I am actuated by any overweening arrogance, or by a lower motive than a desire to render the studies of many years instrumental to the furtherance of the public good.

More than twenty-six years have elapsed since colonial objects first earnestly interested me; and any ordinary mind may, I conceive, after so long a period, think, without presumption, that it ought to know something more than common of the subject to which it may have so predominantly applied. In that time I have not been occupied alone with theoretical speculations on colonization: It has fallen to my lot to have been in the foreground at laying the foundation of the greatest colonial undertaking in which a government was not actively participant. And, however I may feel in other respects humbled by the result to myself, I have the satisfaction to know that the attempt to deviate from the principles by which I was guided

has not been attended with advantage, and that, after having been suspended for some time, it has been found expedient to revive them, by which a return to national obligations assumed, and even covenanted, has been secured.

Upon these grounds I venture to hope, that what I have to say will not be considered as the mere secretion of theories, but something which derives value from more than usual attention paid to the general subject, and from my having been led by employments to reflect on details.

It seems that the colonial question should be contemplated in two different points of view, and that what I regard as the defect of the system arises from a constant endeavour to look at it in one only. We confuse, in my opinion, the Government question with the mercantile, without reflecting that the one may become, and often is, in circumstances of war, at variance with the other. I would avoid this, and recommend them to be considered separately. I do not say, however, that they may not be frequently united;—on the contrary, I conceive they may be so, and with advantage.

For example, I do think that occasions have risen,

and may arise, in which particular colonies may become great sources of embarrassment to the parent state, and yet be of valuable importance to the merchants engaged in the trade with them. When this is the case, it is clearly the duty of the Government to ascertain how far it may be for the interests of the nation to sacrifice the one for the other, to determine whether the perplexity to national policy is worth being contended with on account of the mercantile advantages, or whether those advantages are of such obvious benefit to the general state, that the perplexity should be endured. The whole question is of a pecuniary nature, and it is in this light I have accustomed myself to view it.

Without, then, extending what I have to say to the state of the colonies already in existence as they are, I shall perhaps be more perspicuous by supposing the planting of new colonies upon what, I am convinced, would be a better system.

Supposing it determined by Government to plant a colony, I think that the first step should be to ascertain what are the capabilities of the country intended to be the scene of operations.

It would be invidious to mention by name those recent settlements in which this primary proceeding has been neglected; but they will readily occur to the mind of every one who has paid any attention to the subject; and it must be allowed that, but for the omission of this essential measure, disreputable hardships and privations have been suffered. I shall not, therefore, say more, than that an inspection of the country where a colony is to be established is almost indispensable, and yet it is never done. The inspection of the Saguenay country, and the environs of Lake St John, in Lower Canada, undertaken at the incitement of Mr Andrew Stuart, may, perhaps, be alleged as an exception; but it is an exception, and not the general rule; nor do I apprehend it has yet been productive of any beneficial result, inasmuch as Government have determined not to plant a colony at present in that quarter.

The next of the preparative measures should be to fix, for a term of years, what shall be the price of the land.

I decidedly think the land in no colony, nor in any situation eligible for a colony, should be granted

free. A value ought to be set, in the first place, upon it, but the payments may be easy.

The proceeds of the sale I would constitute a fund, from which the expenses of the colony may be defrayed, and the mother country indemnified for the necessary expense which she must incur in what may be called the outfit, or disbursements unavoidable in the formation of a settlement.

The means of constituting a colonial fund being thus provided, I would propose that an account current should be opened between the mother country and the colony, to the credit side of which I would carry all the monies arising from the sales of crown lands in the colony, and place on the other all the expenses incurred for the colony by the mother country. These expenses I would, in the first instance, limit to what the fund alone could sustain.

I would make it responsible for the cost of carrying inhabitants to the new country, the off-swarms of the superabundant population of the old.

The effect of such an arrangement would be to lighten the poor rates of the parent state. Indeed, it cannot, I conceive, be correct that the country which

the emigrants leave should pay for sending them away. On the contrary, I think the region which obtains them should sustain the cost of bringing them into it, especially as, by the course proposed, a fund may be formed for that purpose from the sales of the land.

The same fund I would make available for the expense of public works, on which the emigrants after their arrival might be employed, thus providing them with labour.

The expense of transportation, and of the means of employment, are all for which, I conceive, the fund should be held responsible. The other disbursements for the Government should be paid by taxing the inhabitants; but as these, in the first instance, would greatly exceed what could be raised in the colony, I would constitute the surplus a public debt, which the colony should be held bound to pay. There does not appear to be any adherence to the axioms of common honesty in making the inhabitants of the United Kingdom pay, in addition to their own municipal expenses, the expenses of governing provinces; and, therefore, I do think those colonies should pay for governing themselves, or rather that, for the expense of doing so,

they should be held bound to repay the amount to the mother country, as soon as their population and circumstances admitted. I would not, however, draw repayment from the fund before spoken of, but wholly from revenues constituted by taxes on the people.

It seems to me that such a system of treatment would be fairer than the existing mode, and would dissipate much of that obscurity and mystification in which the colonial question is involved. It would, undoubtedly, more gently and peaceably prepare the way for that independence of the colonies, which will take place whenever a colony feels that it can pay its civil expenses without contributions from the mother country, unless, indeed, we can introduce a system of law and rule that will make it the interest of colonies to adhere to us.

A COLONIAL PROJECT.

PERHAPS I may be justified in mentioning, after what has been stated in the foregoing, that, when in Canada, I was solicitous to obtain information respecting the region of Labrador, or that tract of unknown country which lies to the east of the great

river Saguenay, and is bounded by the Atlantic. My enquiries were, however, very scantily answered. But I heard of one fact concerning it so incredible, that I state it without wishing to be held responsible for its being true, namely, that the range of the region is in the possession, on lease, of a fur company of the United States, for a hunting ground.

My idea was to suggest, supposing my enquiries proved satisfactory, that a separate colony (from Lower Canada) should be planted there, and I drew up the outlines of a project for that purpose, which I submitted to the Earl of Dalhousie, and which his Lordship carefully considered, and commented on in writing. He at the time proposed to ascend the Saguenay, and did me the honour to invite me to accompany him; but his appointment to be Commander-in-Chief in India soon after frustrated the intended voyage.

Subsequently, after my return from Canada, I was allowed from the Colonial Office the loan of the Report of the inspection of the country round Lake St John, which had afterwards been instituted, as mentioned, at the suggestion of Mr Andrew Stuart. But, whoever were the parties who drew up the document,

the information acquired did not appear to me to be of the kind wanted, being, in my opinion, at once too minute and too vague, and far inferior for any practical purpose to the report made to myself by Dr Dunlop, of the Canada Company, on the large Huron tract. Besides, the exploring party had never gone to the left bank of the Saguenay at all; so that the whole of Labrador, to which my views were directed, is yet, in a manner, unknown.

It is, no doubt, a wild and mountainous region; but between the hills and ridges there are green glens and delicious valleys, and there is at least one beautiful harbour opening into the Gulf of St Lawrence, to which the ice only occasionally, as I heard, prevents access. The country, indeed, is one of those regions which, I conceive, the Government should explore, with the view of making it the nursery of a colony. It is bounded on the south-west by the Saguenay, a stream little inferior in the volume of its waters to the mighty St Lawrence,—along the north by the shaggy territories of the Hudson Bay Company, on the east by the ocean, and on the south by the Gulf of St Lawrence. It is far from the Ameri-

cans, and protected by the sea ; and the French population of Lower Canada, perhaps, require the neighbourhood of a purely British settlement. Government, I have Mr Stanley's authority for stating, do not contemplate at present to colonize in the vicinity of Ha Ha Bay, or Lake St John. Wherefore? But surely there can be no reason for not exploring Labrador.

THE EXODUS OF THE FAIRIES.[1]

WITHIN a lone green hazel glen
The Fairy King his court was keeping;
A river in its childhood, then
A mountain burn, ran gaily leaping.

The sward within the silvan bower
Was sprinkled with leaf-filter'd light,
And gemm'd with many a starry flower,
The primrose pale and gowan bright.

Pleased butterflies, the mute and fair,
Twinkled their silv'ry wings so gay,
And pittering grasshoppers were there,
And bees their soft bassoons did play.

[1] In Allan Cunningham's edition of Burns, he prettily says, that about seventy years ago, the Fairies, in a body, left Scotland; and it is certain that about that time the great agricultural improvements of Ayrshire were introduced. The poem is a description of the Exodus.

The elfin lords and ladies all
From harebells sipt the sparkling dew,
When in the midst, startling the ball,
The frighten'd Puck amazement threw.

"Up, up," he cried, "up and begone,
These verdant haunts you now must leave;
Remorseless ploughshares hasten on,
Old greens and clover lawns to cleave.

"The saucy sower marches proud,
And showers the future har'st around;
Behind the harrows hurtle rude,
And grubs and sprawling worms abound.

"No more our revels we may keep
On plushy field or moonlight hill;
The snail with eye-tipt horn may weep,
But bumming beetles must be still.

"Oh! never more the marsh-born gnat
Must sing to warn fair maids to flee,
And soon the eager twilight bat
Must hush his fluttering shriek of glee.

"For pawky art, with wizard sleight,
O'er nature has her cantrips thrown;
The moorland wild and shaggy height,
Captive to man, the *lasso*[1] own."

On moth and fly, and ladybird,
Away the flichtering fairies fly,
And blithe cuckoos are shouting heard,
As speed the pony insects by.

O'er peat-moss brown and lonely waste,
The fugitives erratic ride,
And o'er the yellow sands they haste,
As if they chased the ebbing tide.

But lo! the aimless waves return—
The fairies see them coming drive—
Behind is heard the plough and churn,
And headlong in the sea they dive.

[1] The Spanish noose for catching wild cattle.

THE TIMBER TRADE,

AS RESPECTS THE POOR RATES.

The timber trade is so essentially connected with the interests of the North American colonies, that its value ought never to be estimated independent of them. It is, moreover, one of the most important branches of our national commerce. But although it has been well considered, both by the political economist and the merchant, it has not yet obtained such attention from British statesmen as is requisite to understand it properly.

As abstract and theoretic notions, the economists seem to me to entertain legitimate deductions on the subject, and the merchants have certainly displayed acumen and ability in demonstrating their case; but as respects the view in which it ought to be regarded by statesmen, who have not only the interests of the merchants, but also the general interests of the community to regard, it has never been sufficiently inves-

tigated. The economist may form enlightened opinions of trade, but necessarily, on account of the scientific nature of his principles, without having respect to national circumstances. His business is not to look at the world, divided, as it is, into different nations, but as one entire whole, and to think of what may be advantageous to mankind, without reference to the local interests of any particular people.

The duty of the merchant is altogether different; his object is his own prosperity; and as he is, by the state of the world, restricted in his dealings to the privileges of the flag under which he deals, his interest obliges him to estimate every commercial question by a rule the reverse of that of the economist. He is compelled to regard the existing state of things as paramount and primary, and whatever tends to disturb it, as fraught with detriment; for his speculations are always undertaken on a persuasion that the existing state will continue, and ought to be permanent.

On the contrary, the business of the economist is to amend this existing state, and to oppose himself

to the permanence of that order and system on which the merchant so entirely depends. The merchant and the economist are irreconcilable; but the statesman ought to possess the expansive philanthropy of the one, with the inflexible partialities of the other. A statesman must often feel himself under the necessity of regulating his notions as an economist, in deference to the interests of the merchant, in order to promote the advantage of the particular community with whose destinies he is intrusted. When he leans too much to the principles of the economist, no doubt he errs; and when he sacrifices the interests of the latter to the principles of the former, he is equally blameable. But the blame is not of a very culpable hue; it even contains an ingredient palliative of error. To incline towards the theories of the economist bespeaks the indulgence due to a liberal mind, and accordingly he receives the favour of a portion at least of the community of which he is the organ; whereas, an opposite bearing indicates a narrowness of understanding unworthy of approbation, however much it may be congenial to mercantile men.

Having made these distinctions, I shall now pro-

ceed to develope what I conceive should be the policy of a British statesman in the timber question, persuaded that it must be something at variance with the generality of the economist, and the speciality of the merchant.

In the first place, the British statesman has interests to protect and enlarge, paramount to those of the British merchant, and of more importance to the community under his care, than the general interests of all the other nations of the world. Besides this great obligation, he has a subsidiary duty to perform, namely, to conserve the special interests of the British merchant, in preference to those of the merchant of every other country. It is quite clear, however, that the interests of the people under his jurisdiction ought to be held above those of the mercantile community, who constitute only a class of that people.

This reduces the whole question into its essence, making the consideration of it easy and simple—in fact, resolves it into this: Can the general interests of the British nation be promoted by sacrificing those of the British merchants engaged in the timber trade?

It admits of no controversy, that if the general interests will be promoted by the sacrifice of the merchants, it ought to be made without scruple. National interests must not be held subservient to those of any class of the community. The statesman is bound, by the obligations of his high trust, to disregard every individual interest which stands in the way of a general improvement; and a mercantile interest is of this description. No matter, for example, how lucrative the business of a particular shop may be—yet if that shop stand in the line of a new street, the opening of which will improve the town, it should be swept away without remorse. Compensation, however, ought to be allowed.

The merchants and shipowners in the timber trade do not look upon the question in this way; on the contrary, they imagine that, by showing the amount of their vested interests, they thereby prove themselves entitled to a preference over those who may be allowed to compete with them, as if they could affect the view of the statesman by bringing forward the magnitude of their stake in a trade which may have been erroneously fostered.

While I state this, I request to be understood as perfectly aware of the arguments of the merchants and shipowners, and of the weight of intellect and talent employed by them in their vital cause—I only mean to say that their statements cannot be allowed a predominance with statesmen awake to the rights of the general community. Nevertheless I do think that the rights of the question are with the merchants, and that the interests of the community are more wisely consulted by acceding to their solicitations than by persevering in the measures which have occasioned to them so much alarm; for many interests of the nation are involved in the timber trade—interests which have not yet obtained a moiety of the attention to which they are entitled—interests which have not been sufficiently considered in giving so much heed to the suggestions for opening the trade with foreign states, to the injury of our own colonies, and of our own merchants connected with them.

Wherever an article can be procured best, the persons in want of it should have the privilege of supplying themselves from the cheapest markets. I assent to this as an indisputable general dogma; nay, I go

farther, and even allow that the Baltic timber is better than that which comes from our American colonies. I do not affirm that it is, but for the sake of giving every advantage to the argument of my opponents, I admit this; but, notwithstanding, there are benefits indirectly derived by the nation from the colonial timber trade, which more, much more, than outweigh the difference of price and quality.

Allowing that the Baltic timber is better than the colonial, it must follow that at the same rate of duty it would be preferred in the home market, and that the difference of duty is therefore equivalent to a bounty in its effects on the colonial timber; in fact, but for the difference of duty, supposing the superiority to exist, we should never think of importing timber from the American provinces. Indeed, the great bulk of the people, not concerned in the trade, must suffer a vast injury by being in some measure obliged to use the colonial timber, instead of that which they may suppose a better kind, and which may be brought from the Baltic.

If the whole question rested on the price and quality, no doubt this would be the case; but nothing

can be less satisfactory than to consider it either with respect to price or quality.

In the first place, we have national interests which require us to foster our own shipping and mariners, and this cannot be done unless the community consent to allow them a preference in employment over foreign ships and sailors.

There is no other way of accomplishing this object but by taxing ourselves to induce the prosecution of the trade. I therefore consider the difference of duty between the Baltic and colonial timber as this tax, a tax which policy advocates as a means of preserving the political ascendency of the nation. There may be various opinions as to the expediency of continuing the tax at its present rate; but so long as it does not effect an absolute prohibition, there should be none. Policy would seem to demand that the prohibition, however, as far as related to the employment of foreign shipping, should be complete.

But it is not for the preservation of our naval superiority that the additional duty to which Baltic timber is liable ought to be endured. The progress of population, and the helps by machinery to labour

in the United Kingdom, have produced a superabundance of labourers. These must be provided for, because there is no disguising the fact that the poor have as good a right to the earth as the rich, and that if we do not enlarge the boundaries of employment, we shall subject ourselves to the dominion of that anarchy which must arise in time from a superabundance of able-bodied men. I therefore regard the tax on foreign timber as an impost which indirectly enables us to employ our fellow-subjects, while it ministers to our political consequence, deemed so vital, and which we do so much to uphold. It is indeed quite clear, that were we to keep all our superabundant labourers in their respective parishes, which would be the result of not finding them work elsewhere, we should be obliged to increase the poor rates; but it is more according to the maxims of a sound policy to find men in employment than to keep them in idleness.

It is not half considered how much advantage the mother country derives from giving employment to the emigrant swarms of that superabundant population who yearly proceed to the colonies. If it were,

the fancy could never be entertained that we had a higher object in policy than the employment of our own people; or, to use the homely Scottish proverb, than to give "our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws;" or, more philosophically, than to employ the inhabitants of the Old World in the improvement of the New, whose spacious regions and boundless forests seem to have been discovered at the very time when under the existing system the old sphere of man was becoming too contracted for the increase of the human race.

It is not, therefore, only the colonial merchant who is concerned in preventing any change in the timber duties, nor the politician who sees in the disproportion between the Baltic and colonial rates an indirect way of upholding our naval greatness. The landlords, to whom the immemorial customs of mankind have assigned the soil as property, are interested in raising the duties on Baltic timber until the article be utterly excluded from our markets, because, while population and machinery advance, their possessions can only be rendered secure from the effects of a superabundance of labourers, by providing for the annual swarms in the colonial forests.

It is not merely, however, from motives of humanity that our gentry should be influenced to promote emigration, by encouraging industry in the American woods. A nearer interest—their own, should make them regard the question of the timber duties as one of no ordinary consequence.

If they permit the Baltic timber to be brought into competition with the colonial, they will lessen that demand for labourers in the clearing of the forests, which induces so many thousands to emigrate yearly, and consequently cause an increase of paupers at home, and indirectly nourish those mischievous sentiments which endanger the very existence of the social compact itself. The House of Lords, as a body, all and individually, have a direct interest, arising from the nature of their estates, to prevent any other alteration in the timber duties, than such as will have the effect of excluding all foreigners from bringing their timber into our markets. In the House of Commons we may expect less unanimity, for the members have various interests. Those concerned in the Baltic trade cannot fail to see that schemes of colonial advancement must to them be

detrimental, and those who derive their consequence from edifices, in the construction of which Baltic timber is preferred to colonial, may be expected to desire an equalization of duties. But the nation at large should discern, that with this question are connected considerations far more important than any which can be determined by a comparison of mercantile accounts, and will not leave the merchant, who is, in this instance, happily right, unaided to induce the Ministers not to consider the question with respect to price and quality, but with respect to the interests of the public.

When I admitted the Baltic timber to be better than the colonial, it was not merely to enforce the propriety of encouraging our own trade in despite of that circumstance, but to enable me to bring forward the argument which I will now state. I consented, certainly, to acknowledge the Baltic timber superior as an article; but I contend, that the world being composed of different nations, our statesmen are, in consequence, bound to cherish the interests of our own country more than those of every other, and that considerations of quality should not be reckoned as

primary. I will now give a homely illustration of what I mean.

In the days of my boyhood, I heard that there was among the intestines of black cattle something which the butchers called the "sweet collop," which they never sold, but always consumed at home. It did not then occur to me that the butcher found it more conducive to his interests to sell his best meat, and to use the refuse himself. I concluded, in fact, that he reserved the tit-bits, and only disposed of the inferior pieces. In consequence, I reasoned myself into the belief that the sweet collop was so called on account of its excellence, and was a dainty set apart for the special regalement of the butcher's own appetite. This was not the only subject in those days on which I did not reason correctly; however, the result was, that I became very anxious to taste a sweet collop, and accordingly persuaded another boy to buy one, and to have it roasted, that we might eat and become like butchers, knowing the good and evil things of the slaughterhouse. Alas! from that time I discovered that sweet collops were not reserved unsold on account of their excellence, but because, if

the trade did not eat them, they must be thrown to the dogs.

About the same time I made another discovery no less important. I came to know that the bakers had a practice of surrounding the batches of their loaves of superfine flour with other works of their art, made of household stuff. These brown bread circumvallations were called by the euphonious generic term of "swine-gnaw," but till the sweet collop incident, I had no idea that swine-gnaw was preferred by the bakers for any other quality than its superior flavour; indeed, how could I think otherwise, having been always particularly addicted to brown bread? However, I was taught to know that swine-gnaw was used by the bakers exactly for the same reason that the butchers revelled on sweet collops.

Now, I would request the country gentlemen to know that it is expedient to consume our own inferior timber. The genius of trade requires that we should do so, or retire from business; for if we do not, we shall not be able to serve our customers so cheaply. There is much virtue in obeying necessity, but really it may be doubted if there be such inferiority in the

colonial timber, as the advocates for the lowering of the duties on the Baltic patriotically allege.

Besides, in the present state of the world, it may be doubted if durability is quite so necessary as it was in days of yore, and that cheapness is almost an adequate equivalent. No housewife thinks now of laying in stocks of napery as in the days of our great-grandmothers, nor of regarding a hole in the tablecloth as ominous of a stinted dinner, in consequence of the expense which must be incurred by a renewal of the set. In short, it begins to be apparent that part of the wise system of Providence is, that as mankind increase in numbers, employment will be provided for them, even at the expense of the veneration of man for durability. Certain it is, that we do not require things to last long, so much as to give people something to do; and, therefore, if a house finished with American timber will not endure so well as one finished with the same sort of wood from the Baltic, it is not to be complained of, inasmuch as the fragility is contributory to the workings of nature.

I hope that all those who pay poor-rates will attend to the timber question, and reflect on the consequen-

ces which must ensue to themselves, if the multitudes now engaged in making the *betterments* of America be thrown upon the parochial assessment. I entreat them to think how humanity and property would be affected, were all the sailors in the shipping in the timber trade cast adrift, as they would be if the shipping were thrown idle; and what would become of all the numerous artisans to whom at present these fleets give employment—all the countless carpenters and bricklayers who would necessarily become paupers, were the merchants and shipowners rendered unable to employ them? Of the consequent depreciation of rents that would ensue by the spread of poverty—of the decay in the demand for luxuries that must follow the diminution of rents—of the effects on the productions of refined manufactures, and particularly to the professors of the fine arts—of the mere financial impossibility to uphold those victorious fleets and armies which constitute our national strength, and so much of our national greatness;—in fact, the universal dry-rot which would infect the kingdom. It can scarcely be estimated what the consequences would be, were the British legislators so lost to all British feeling as to regard the timber question in the

light in which it may be contemplated by the Economists, even though the merchants had not demonstrated its amazing direct value. It is as certain as that every member of the innumerable millions at present on the face of the earth must die, that the doom of England shall one day be consummated; but what do we think of the man that lifts the assassin's knife against another? And yet worse than the worst of his deeds would be the sudden abrogation of any system for which society was not prepared. While France and England are on the globe together, the timber trade involves considerations that ought to render the discussion of it, with a view of giving a preference to our intercourse with the Baltic, a high crime and misdemeanour.

But the effects to which I have adverted as consequences that would ensue were the colonial timber trade ruined, as it would be by the proposed diminution of the duties on Baltic timber, is not the point of view in which it ought to be considered by the gentlemen of England. An abrupt abolition, a hamstringing, would be equally pernicious. It is therefore not so much by the detrimental consequences of the blight at home that it claims earnest attention, as

by its particular evil influence on the statistics of the kingdom. The timber trade has an interest peculiar to itself, to which no other trade has any thing similar. I allude to emigration, and the industry of the thousands attracted by the prospect of employment abroad in the forests of the colonies,—withdrawn from being paupers in England, and removed from being an afflicting burden on the poor-rates, and on the charity of Christians. This is the point which touches property in all its various modifications, particularly in this part of the United Kingdom, and which renders it no less than the duty of the English people of all descriptions to raise their voices, and to kindle inextinguishable animosity against those statesmen who are weak or wicked enough to dare even to think, as society exists, that the relief which comes from the colonial timber trade may be abridged not only to the state itself, but to every man of any property within it, and, above all, to those unfortunate individuals, thousands on thousands, who have but the workhouse and beggary before them, or the dreadful alternative of revolutionary crime.

LONDON, *May* 14, 1834.

A REVERIE.

SOMETIMES the winged fancy flies
Beyond the scope of furthest stars,
Where fading light in darkness dies,
And uncreated chaos wars.

Amidst the turbulence sublime,
Sound has no place—the elements
Roll silent as the mists of time,
Or the dread bosom's dark intents.

There storms career with spectral might
Along creation's lonely shore;
Life, in 'fore death, sleeps as the light
Lay in the cold black gloom of yore.

Dim dreams relate a mystic tale,
That, far unknown beyond the past,

Where poets' thoughts in fancy fail,
There is a void abysm vast.

Twins of eternity, their sire
Omnipotence, there Night and Death,
Ere heaven could bless, or hell aspire,
Or chaos worlds to time bequeath,

Held bifold rule; one subject old,
Dumb Silence, only own'd their sway,
And in their realm a seraph bold
On quests forbidden lost his way.

Still on and on, with feet and wings,
As speeds the ostrich in the wild,—
Behind the searcher distance flings,
By hope and fear alike beguiled.

But never shall he reach a bourne,
Till Providence forgets to tend,
Or hurrying round in deem'd return,
He find the endless circle end.

ON THE

SUPERABUNDANCE OF CAPITAL

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

I AM afraid it will be thought by many that, in being of opinion that the capital of the United Kingdom is superabundant, I am only affecting to be paradoxical; but I was never less so in my life, and will briefly state the reasons which have led to the conclusion, notwithstanding the admitted prevalence of national distress. On the subject of population, I had inferred, theoretically, before the Parliamentary enquiries of what should be called Sir Robert Wilmot Horton's Committee, that the United Kingdom contained, under existing circumstances, more men that lived by labour than there was work for them to do. I am no less persuaded of the existence of a superabundance of capital, though the correctness of the notion may not be so susceptible of proof; but if it be the case that there is this superabundance, it will not be difficult to show that any colonial plan cannot contain a sufficient antidote for the plethora: we should look for the remedy in the developement

of the system of things. Before, however, venturing to offer any suggestion on the subject, I should give some of the principal facts from which I deduce an inference, so contrary to my own condition, and that of myriads around me.

By capital, I do not mean the existence of canals, or of shipping, or of machinery, or of any thing from which income is derived—*that* is capital invested—but I mean money in bullion, or in representative documents, such as bills or notes, &c.; and my

First ground of persuasion is in the balances lying without interest at bankers', and in the low rate of interest generally.

Second, The avidity with which pecuniary speculations are supported. They show at once a plenitude of capital, and difficulty in finding the means of employing it profitably.

Third, The high price of old articles of luxury, on which no labour is now expended.

Fourth, The demand for rare productions of nature on which comparatively little labour is expended.

These items are stated merely to show what is meant by the superabundance of capital, for I do not consider *that* in circulation which gives employment

to men, as of the superabundance. In addition to these, a vast proportion of the national expenditure proves the existence of the fact for which I contend, particularly all that respects the army and navy, in which so many individuals are kept unproductive, and so many vehicles of expenditure are maintained at the public expense.

The community of this country seems conscious of the state of things; and I regard as an effect of this undivulged conviction, the rise in late years of the various schemes for public improvement, but above all, the establishment of annuities.

The natural tendency of all shows that the era is not far distant when Government must interfere, and devise some plan which shall have the effect of breaking the masses of capital into small pieces—of accomplishing thereby its better distribution, and of absorbing its unrestrained growth of surplus; in short, to produce an effect in economics, that shall be equivalent to the decay and consumption which continually take place in nature. But the topic is multifarious, and I cannot afford time to offer the illustrations and disquisition which its importance deserves, and perhaps requires.

A SONG.

FOR A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

I KNOW the good fellow,
A rogue though he be;
His game is the shuttlecock,
Feather'd with glee.

With jibes and with jokes,
With banter and story,
And merry new songs,
The knave's in his glory.

But trust not the rascal,—
The hypocrite shun;
He means but to sadden,
When blithest with fun.

And ask in the morning,
(The dog let us throttle,)
How goes it, old Headach?
His name it is Bottle.

MONEY.

THE BULLION QUESTION.

I NEVER could understand the Bullion question, especially as it appears to the bullionists, and yet many clear-headed and able men are among them. But, with a very earnest desire to be right, the more I think of it I am only the more convinced that they are mystified. It is indeed a subject, as I understand it, so plain and simple, that I cannot conceive how so much ado is made about nothing.

Money, according to my conception, is an article which represents the value of things.

It may consist of metal as valuable as the denomination it bears, but the value of the substance of which it is formed is totally distinct from that which it represents.[1] The bullionists, I imagine, do not make this distinction. They confound the intrinsic and representative values together; and they call that

[1] Dr Lang, in his able Presbyterian work on Australia, speaks of notes there being the representatives of property.

depreciation which arises in a metallic currency, from a corruption of the material of which it is made. Or, It may consist of paper, and be of no value in itself. The depreciation then depends on the credit of the issuer.

In the late war, when the metals of which money was made were in request, they rose in value; the demand raised their price, in the common way, and from the same cause that other commodities, such as corn or sugar, fluctuate in the market. The bullionists, however, by not considering that the rise and fall in the price of the metals have nothing to do with the representative character of the tokens in circulation, fell into an error which affected both the judgment and interests of the community.

To this mistake I ascribe that blunder with respect to banking, by which it is popularly imagined that the bank notes of every bank should be payable in bullion. The unattainable nature of this should, upon reflection, extinguish the notion. Men have only to think of the amount of all bank notes in circulation, to be convinced of the improbability of drawing into the cof-

fers of the different banks a quantity of coin or bullion equal to that amount.

Notes will, in representative value, always exceed the amount of bullion in the banks; and therefore to suppose that they should be convertible into what may be called intrinsic money, is neither more nor less than to suppose an absurdity practicable.

But besides the erroneous supposition that notes are the representatives of coined money, we know that, practically, the public neither believe so, nor act as if they did. They only think that the prudence of bankers will induce them to keep in their coffers a sum in coin and bullion, that may be sufficient to meet any probable exigency.

The credit given to their notes is entirely owing to the estimate made of their other assets; in fact, by considering their notes not issued against the treasure in their coffers, but as against their whole property.

I wonder how it has happened that the bullionists have not insisted that checks on bankers should be as valuable as the amount which they represent, for I cannot conceive in what respect checks differ from

bank-notes. They are both vehicles of convenience, and we only take them in payment, because we believe their issuers are good for more than the amount they represent. I remember, at the trial of the late Lord Melville, Mr Whitbread asked Mr Mark Sprott if he would take a check on the Bank of England? "It would depend," replied the *pawkie* scrivener, "vera much on wha was the drawer;"—thereby showing the accuracy and clearness of his ideas with respect to representative money.

The bullionists fall into another mistake, by supposing that paper, or representative money, should be always convertible into coin or intrinsic money. They forget the existing state of our society, and that we have vast masses of various property which have a marketable valuation. Surely that property is as susceptible of being transferable by representation as gold or silver; and where lies the necessity of employing intrinsic money in effecting a transfer from one proprietor to another? The bit of parchment on which a mortgage is engrossed, in my opinion, is a money-representative,—money issued conditionally against a specific estate.

But although it does seem to me that representation is the very element and essence of money, it does not follow that I contend it should therefore be paper; on the contrary, the tear and wear of circulation require a more durable material for small sums; but the amount which should be of such a material is a question of expediency. At the same time, I cannot see the utility of allowing the contraction or expansion of issues to be at the will and pleasure of individuals. I think the well-being of society depends in a great measure on having always a fixed amount in existence, whether in circulation, or dormant with the bankers; and I conceive it is to attain something of this sort that all our blind gropings are directed, which makes me think that bankers should, upon a show of means, take out a license, and pay the state for it, to entitle them to issue a specified amount of notes.

Besides the primary error into which I conceive the bullionists have fallen, all the money controversialists, on both sides of the question, have omitted to notice that the increase of our population since the war, requires a corresponding increase of the circula-

ting medium, or what is the same thing, a Macadamizing of the masses into which wealth has coagulated subsequent to that period. For, although the quantity of intrinsic money has probably not increased, yet the quantity of property susceptible of monetary representation has prodigiously increased; and the controversy between those who contend for gold and those who stand for paper, might be advantageously terminated, were the representative character of money properly considered, and the ingenuity so thriftlessly expended on theories, practically applied to discover how the accumulated masses of property in private hands can be best broken up to suit the wants and pursuits of an increasing, industrious, and improving people.

NOTE.—I wonder why it is that chartered banks are so much preferred to private establishments of the same kind? Private banks are responsible for all the property of the partners, but chartered banks only for their subscribed capital. For example, what man who knew anything of the subject would deem the Bank of England, as it is, comparable in security to many private banking-houses that might be named?

THE

LADY THAT I LOVED IN YOUTH.

A BALLAD.

THE lady that I loved in youth,
Was surely never you:
Her cheeks were as the rose in June,
Her eyes as morning dew.

Soft music wing'd her words with smiles,
Delicious to the heart;
The air grew warm when she was nigh,
But fortune bade us part.

Your locks are of the hoary grey,
Hers were the golden hue:
The lady that in youth I lov'd,
Could never, dame, be you.

Oh! she was as the lily's sheen,
When flowers are in their best;
The beads that fondled with her neck,
I deem'd were surely blest.

The gems that starr'd her heavenly brow
Then sparkled with delight;
But eild on thine has furrows trench'd,
And cares and woes affright.

Full many a blast of adverse wind,
For her I bravely bore—
A wand'rer in a joyless clime,
I dreamt she was no more.

Thy sigh denotes a matron's wish,
That wish a mother's prayer—
A widow's tear is on thy cheek,
I live—the tear is there.

Why, lady, dost thou claim my aid?
Thou hast no claim on me,
For thou art old—my Mary false!
Ye gods, could never be!

But, ah! that look lives in a heart
Unchangeable and true;
Take all—the maid in youth I loved
Was, Mary, only you!

NOTE.—The thought in this little ballad was suggested by an actual occurrence. I acknowledge myself incapable of making such fine inventions as are sometimes seen in the realities of life.

TONTINES.

TONTINES are, in finance, what the tides of the ocean are in mechanics—a vast power which, though known, is seldom applied, and when applied, but in driblets. It is not easy to account for this, as the principle of reversionary payments is well understood, and carried to a great extent in practice by the life insurance offices. Nobody of any information now thinks either of hoarding with themselves or in banks. They insure their lives, and in the shape of their annual payments of the premium, accumulate those savings which, in a former age, constituted their ready money, and what was put out to usury.

In national affairs, the Tontine principle is of the simplest application, and there is no explaining how it has happened to be so much neglected by Chancellors of the Exchequer and other financiers. Perhaps the custom of only yearly considering the Budget is the cause; for the Tontine principle in its application cannot be rendered effective in operation, as the finances of the state are at present managed. This

is not said with the slightest intention of implying that the existing system is not well managed ; for, in my opinion, however inadequate I may be to form a right judgment on the subject, I do think that no pecuniary concerns are better managed, according to usage, than the revenues of the United Kingdom. I only think that the Tontine principle might be introduced into them with great beneficial effect. Every thing, I conceive, is so well ordered, and, moreover, has so grown into a habit, that I would not attempt to disturb it. I would only add something new, additional to that which is already so excellent.

Many years ago, full two-and-twenty, when there was, during the most expensive war that ever raged, much foolish talk about building a Palace, I was led to consider how the means might be obtained; and this drew me on to reflect on the principle of raising money by way of Tontine. It seemed to me that in this way a large sum might be obtained by the state, and that the principle was well calculated to be rendered available by governments. It is needless to show the process of reasoning by which I arrived at this conclusion, but the result was the formation of a

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scheme, to provide in the easiest manner, a fund adequate to build a new Palace. I have since reduced the same plan with a view of being applied to the National Gallery; and as the clearest way of submitting it to consideration, I will describe it in the abstract here.

Supposing the government require a large sum of money for public works, I propose that a certain annual amount shall be provided from the revenue of the state, for a term of years. This amount I would hold responsible for the payment of the interest (less than the customary interest) of a capital to be raised by Tontine, and that at the expiry of a term of years, the holders of shares in the Tontine should at that period be paid a given sum, and the Tontine thenceforth cease.

In case, however, that this generality is too vague for men not accustomed to abstract reasoning, I will state the notion in a more special form. For example—

The Government is in want of L.500,000 for a particular object, the interest on which may be taken at the legal rate of five per cent, or in other words, L.25,000. I would propose that the revenue should

be made responsible for L.12,500, which is only at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; and that the L.500,000 should be raised against this in shares of a small denomination each, say L.20 or L.25, or whatever may be deemed most expedient. If at L.25, the shares would in number be 20,000, and in the first year they would have L.12,500 to divide among them. They would commence with that rate and with 20,000 participators.

It is not probable, however, that although there were 20,000 shares, there would be so many participators, but it is for perspicuity assumed that there would be.

Supposing, then, the term of years should be fixed at thirty. I do not mean that thirty should be the fixed period, but only for illustration. I would propose that at the expiry of this term the surviving shareholders of the Tontine should receive from the state, to divide among them, L.100,000, and that then the Tontine should cease.

By this means Government would raise at once L.500,000, for which it would only pay $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest, and, instead of paying back the capital,

should only pay the fifth part of it, namely, the L.100,000 before spoken of.

To those not acquainted with the principle of the author, it may be necessary to explain, that he proposes to raise on a given number of lives a certain sum of money, and to divide among them annually a specified amount. Thus, in the scheme I in like manner propose, the number of participators or devisers would be 20,000, and the amount would be L.12,500 at the beginning, but at the end of ten years the advantage would be manifest and felt. By death suppose the devisers reduced one-fourth, then, instead of sharing at the rate of 12s. 6d. per share, the participators would receive 15s. 8d.; and if we carry this on, we shall see how the income will accumulate by deaths, insomuch that at the end of the thirty years, suppo-sing the survivors reduced to 1250, they will receive as income L.10 from their L.25 sunk, and divide among them L.100,000, or take L.80 each.

My notion is not, however, to restrict this mode of finance to one transaction. I would make it a permanent part in the finance system of the state—a regular department, in which it should be the

business to be constantly acting on the Tontine principle.

The minor object of obtaining money to build the National Gallery had another special consideration in view. It seemed to me not expedient that the whole kingdom should be taxed for that or any strictly metropolitan undertaking, and therefore, that the money should be got from the monied interest; and that the best and fairest way of applying to them was by the way of Tontine.

In proposing this mode of raising money for the public service, I hope it is sufficiently clear that I do not propose a specific plan, so much as I have attempted to elucidate a principle. I am well aware that in every such undertaking the spirit of the time must be consulted, and deference paid to national circumstances. I only presume to show, that a mode of raising money for the public may be resorted to, which will have the effect of abridging taxation. It is, however, for those who have not to make their livelihood by their pen to examine the subject. For if the thought be worth any thing, it is worth a great deal to the public, but to the author not much.

THE TOWER OF DESTINY.

Ah me! in life what fond enchantments lure!
The laughing child on sunny threshold playing,
How little deems it that within the door
A stalwart demon stoops, for ever braying
In Fate's dread mortar, ghastly and obscure,
The drugs of that fell draught which mortals must endure!

Thus as I slumber'd on the starry sward,
(Starr'd by the silvery daisies beaming bright,)
A gentle fay entranced Fancy heard
Her tale of olden minstrelsy recite:
In form a bee, but vocal as a bird
On blossom or on bough, the mystic sprite appear'd.

Her song began, as fairies love to sing,
With deft moralities of quaint conceit,
As rural maids in vernal garlands hing
The fluttering butterflies tied by the feet,

Or sprinkle jewels from the glancing spring,
And o'er the flowery wreath fantastic beauty fling.

The lay and legend, which she sweetly sung,
Was of a castle turreted and hoar,
That from a capeland far its shadow flung,
Sadd'ning the waves that fondled on the shore,—
What time at eve the curfew bell was rung,
And down the banner'd mast the listless blazon hung.

" A pile," she sang, " upon the mountain's brow,
Shines like a diadem, and many an age
Hath seen the pinnacles' refulgent glow,
And round the ramparts baffled ruin rage;
For spells of power forbid its overthrow,
A griffin guards the gate, and warriors bend the bow.

" It is yclept the Tower of Destiny,
And sad within the dungeon-keep there dwells
A hapless wight enthrall'd by Mystery,
A dark enchanter, as tradition tells,
Who in that castle, brewing sorcery,
Beguiles the guests that drink the drugged fallacy.

" The captive thrall that maketh there his moan,
Is known, I ween, within the world of time
As Human Life, a frail and fetter'd one,
With Error lodged, and manacled to Crime;
Yet not in darkness does he ever groan,—
Delusions glaik his walls, and shining shapes are
shown.

" Sometimes he pines a creature most forlorn,
Toss'd by disease, his thoughts dishevell'd quite,
Restless he wearies for the dawn of morn
To thin the darkness of the pitchy night;
And oft his bosom's lord with care is torn,
When from the upland green he hears the hunter's
horn.

" But oft ecstatic with the sparkling draught ·
That Hope presents in her bewitching glass,
He hunts the Iris of fantastic thought,
And flying forward, sees not as they pass,
That fixed things are but by Fancy brought,—
Still motionless they stand, yet seem with motion
fraught.

" And when at last the fumes have pass'd away,
And the delirium of the cup is gone,
Wearied and wan he eyes the parting ray,
And on the earth dejected lays him down,
Or gazing round, beholds the twilight gray
But lights the self-same cell where he began the day.

" 'Tis ever thus, in anguish or in toil,
The phantom man his earthly transit drees;
Deceived at times by changeful Fortune's smile,
The unsubstantial glaiks of life he sees,
But the bright visions soon his grasp beguile,
And with a secret sigh he doffs the mortal coil."

THOUGHTS ON UNIVERSAL MONARCHY.

THERE is, and appears always to have been, an inclination in mankind for a Universal Government. The wars of nations, when not contentions for this great prize, have generally strengthened the desire of seeing it obtained. The whole record of history relative to events previous to the Roman conquests, is an enumeration of attempts to attain this grand object; and defaced as the memorials are, each successive attempt appears to have been more rationally projected than the preceding, affording as it were, an index to discover the progress of political improvement in the world.

But although this tendency in human affairs is indisputable, it is yet difficult to account for the general apprehension which prevails, with respect to the evil consequences of a universal government, for it seems almost self-evident that it would be more for the advantage of mankind, if the world were engrossed into one government than as it stands at present.

A universal monarchy would set aside the deplorable incitements to war; the desire of conquest would be extinguished, the jealousy of national interest would cease, national distinctions would be removed, and commerce become as free as its spirits; the arts and sciences, no longer suspended by political calamities, would pass onward towards perfection, in uninterrupted progression.

But how, it may be asked, could "the whole earth," formed into one kingdom, be governed? By the representative system, and by responsible local governors. No essential province would be much farther from the central government than the British Empire in India is from England; and yet it cannot be said that the influence of the British legislature over the Governors of India might not be augmented, if it be not already sufficient. If Great Britain be capable of exercising over her Indian territories, amidst all her other various cares, an energetic sway, surely there could be no difficulty, as far as distance might be supposed to operate, to prevent the same thing from being done under the regulations of a supreme universal government. The princes and

statesmen of particular countries are the only natural enemies of a universal government.

But the causes which have impeded the establishment of a universal government have, perhaps, been rather moral than political. The state of society previous to the Babylonian Empire, is almost unknown, even of the means and modes of Nebuchadnezzar's government, only the report of an indistinct traditionary rumour has reached us ; and so imperfect and obscure also are the accounts we have received of the subsequent Persian monarchy, that they furnish better materials for theoretical than for practical reasoning. We are sufficiently certain, however, that the sack and subjugation of kingdoms in those remote ages were seldom palliated by the pretexts of injured honour or violated justice ; and that to be in possession of instruments adapted to ambitious purposes, was then a reasonable enough cause of war.

The career of Alexander the Great was nobly directed to the civilisation and union of mankind ; but when we reflect how preposterous was the mode of accomplishment which he pursued, though assisted in council by one of the most intelligent men that

the world has yet produced, we are justified in alleging that political science must have been still extremely crude in his time.

After the fall of Alexander's empire the Roman Republic rises eminent, and in her policy we discern more correct notions of government. We are at a loss which most to admire, the wisdom or the majesty of Rome, when private worth was the passport to public honour, and the institutions of the state furnished motives to the virtue of individuals. The moral grandeur of the Roman story has not been exceeded by the achievements of the Roman power. Nor previous to the period of her degeneracy into imperial despotism had any system appeared so interesting to the best aims and imaginations of mankind as that excellent policy by which a participation in her privileges and glory operated as allurements to submission on the subjects of the different states which she wished to subdue.

The degraded condition in which the Roman world found itself placed by the emperors and their ministers, compared with the remembrance of the venerable times of the republic, served to promote the improvement of human opinions, and most effectually

too, when the degradation appeared most complete. As the cords were tightened the sense of the bondage was sharpened; and had it not been for those barbarians whom Providence seems to have sent on the civilized countries to prepare the way for the dissemination of motives to virtue of a more efficient influence than the approbation of mankind, or the recompense of an honourable name, the struggles of the people to rescue their rights would in time have overturned the throne of the Cæsars.

Although the Roman empire was certainly destroyed by the arms of the Northern nations, it should be recollected that a period of three hundred years was occupied in the work; and that when the inroads of the barbarous hordes are mentioned, a considerable error is sometimes committed, in imagining them to have all happened in the same epoch, and their result in one age. The subversion of Rome was as regular as her elevation; the pyramid, sapped by the decay of its foundations, became disturbed and rent, stone after stone from the apex to the base, was successively cast down, and gradually appropriated to the construction of other edifices. Unless we keep this fact distinctly in remembrance, and divest our im-

ginations of such poetic hyperbole, as that innumerable swarms issuing like a deluge from "the frozen limbs" of the North, hurling into wreck every institution, and filling the whole South with a new race, we shall not be able to follow, with any degree of accuracy, the progress of improvement in the political sentiments of mankind.

The introduction of Christianity happened at a period when the world was peculiarly prepared for the reception of new religious dogmas. The human mind had attained a degree of improvement that enabled it to contemn the objects of its former adoration, though still so imperfectly enlightened as to be incapable of discriminating religion from her shadow, superstition. Accordingly, we find that the Christian doctrines were soon so mixed and confounded with the forms and notions of paganism, that instead of promoting the great purpose of their promulgation, they formed the cause and origin of that craft and tyranny by which the papacy, the empire of Christendom, was established. At the same time, however, the natural tendency of Christianity continued regularly to operate, and was effecting that change on political orders and institutions, of which the present crisis is a re-

markable stage, and which must ultimately produce a mode of government, more advantageous to human nature, and the promotion of virtue. Birth has already ceased to be regarded as an essential qualification for managing national affairs, and rank as a privilege for the indulgence of profligacy. Nor is ability, when unaccompanied with integrity, capable of influencing mankind to the same extent, even in this age, which it did in former times. The people have ceased to be the vassals of the great, and statesmen have become the agents of the people. The people no longer accommodate themselves to their rulers, but the rulers endeavour to gratify the people. The public welfare, not the pleasure of the sovereign, has become the ostensible allegation of all the royal edicts of Europe; even the continental armies consider themselves more as the weapons of their respective nations than as the tools of their kings. Napoleon has been compared to Charlemagne, but a slight glance at the character of the latter will be sufficient to convince us that all the splendid incidents of his reign would not have made him endurable to the present age, and will, at the same time, illustrate the subsequent advances of moral improvement in Europe.

TO FATE.

Be my asylum in some nameless wild,
Amidst the dread, the vast, the unconfined;
Where Nature sits enthroned on mountains piled,
And awes with wordless eloquence the mind:
There let me oft, to thee or God resign'd,
Thrill with the mystery of her mighty spell,—
Behold the lightning's flash consume the wind,
And hear the welkin's universal bell,
Tolling the thunder peal, that deep and dreadful knell.

Oh! pious solitude, that loves to muse
On spacious upland, or in silvan glen,
Be thou with me, when my rapt spirit views
The griefs, the cares, the strifes, the toils of men.
May Echo, far unseen by mortal ken,
That solemn clerk, repeat my boding sigh;
And hymning falls, and forest anthems, then—
The psalms of nature—teach me how to die,
For, ah! they can but hope that moil beneath the sky.

A LEGACY

TO GLASGOW AND GREENOCK,

FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE CLYDE.

ALTHOUGH Irvine was my birthplace, and Greenock the town of my adoption, yet I have ever regarded my obligations to Glasgow as paramount to those due to every other place.

My Autobiography will enable the courteous reader to determine what I owe to Irvine, for I am myself not very sure that I have any great reason to be thankful for having been born at all; and as for Greenock, unless it can be explained why an uncaptivating companion is endured, I know not why its image has taken possession of so cosy a nook in my affections; for although I do regard with a kind of fraternal attachment the companions of my youth, I am as ignorant of the cause, as the celebrated Tom Brown was of his dislike to Dr Fell. Possibly it may be owing to my indelible local memory; I cannot bear to see new faces around me, and the interest I take in

former scenes may come from the same weakness; but if my friends in the magistracy of Greenock were sympathetic entities, they would direct their treasurer to repay me for the boat-hire it cost me, while at Quebec, for going across the St Lawrence by myself, merely to see a fine view from below Point Levi, which I thought marvellously like that from the custom-house quay of Greenock.

To Glasgow my obligations arise from something more substantial. From that city my father derived every thing; my hopes in early life drew nourishment from the same quarter, and, in riper years, whatever I can trace of favour and unalloyed benefit, is due to Glasgow above all spots on the earth;—but I am growing serious—and there is a pleasure in conferring favours, especially such as leaving legacies, naturally of a cheerful kind, that makes me hasten to the main business of this paper.

In the year '88 or '89, when a boy, holding my father by the finger, I was standing on the original west quay of Greenock, while he was speaking with Mr S——t, the shipbuilder and banker, respecting some extension into the river of his building-yard. In

doing so Mr S—— happened to make use of the expression, that in "about a dozen years" he expected to complete his improvements. Should he happen to see this, he will possibly remember the circumstance. It took place before he laid down the keel of the ship which my father commanded till he left the sea.

The expression of "a dozen years" seemed so illimitable, that it caught my attention, and I became an interested listener. From that day my projecting genius began to germinate. Subsequently, as I approached the years of discretion, which, by the by, I have some reason to think I have not yet quite attained, though I am fifty-five years old, I was led by a humorous observation of the same gentleman to the formation of the plan which I am now about to bequeath.

A device was hatched in the brain of some Port-Glasgow Solomon, to make a wet-dock there, and a canal from that unfortunate town to the maternal city. The apprehension of this scheme had a most disastrous influence on the intellects of certain old women of Greenock, and something being at the same time in the wind about an illumination, Mr S——

in my hearing, proposed to make a candle for it as big as a steeple,[1] and to melt the grease for the candle in the Port-Glasgow wet-dock. This ludicrous notion somehow had the effect of causing me to think of the practicability of improving the navigation of the Clyde, and the process of my reflections led to the conclusion that all running streams might, by damming, be converted into canals; a specific plan for making the Clyde more navigable, however, did not then occur to me.

When I afterwards came to London I was much in company with engineers, the first of the age; but, without the slightest disparagement to their abilities, I do not hesitate to say, that their talent consisted more in their knowledge of the science of construction, than of any superiority in the discernment of local capabilities; my interest in the subject was, however, thus kept up and improved.

Being afterwards in bad health, I was subsequently resident at Clifton, and having nothing else to do, I amused myself in supervising, whenever the weather

[1] The crooked affair at Port-Glasgow was not then built.

permitted, the excavations of the Avon at Bristol. Afterwards I went into Asia Minor, and in visiting the ruins of Ephesus, I got additional light, by looking at the ancient embankments of the river near the site of that city.

It seemed to me that the bed of the river, which in some places was said to be very deep, was higher than the plain, and it had the effect of making me attentive to the channels of rivers.

When I came home, I went one day into the country to see the pictures of a gentleman, and among them was a view of the Po, hanging in the diningroom. As he invited me to stay dinner, the paintings around suggested topics of conversation, and I was struck with an incidental observation of his, relative to the river in the picture being in some places higher in its course than the plain.[1] I do not know if he had any particular theory on the subject, but his observation interested me.

Subsequently I had occasion to walk up the banks

[1] 19th June, 1834. A friend, who has been at the Po, corroborated, the other day, on my reading this paper, the elevation of that river as I saw it in the picture.

of the Thames, near the Red-House above Lambeth, when my attention was awakened by observing that the banks were similarly constructed to those of the river of Ephesus, and of the Italian river. This led to more investigation, and I ascertained that the enclosure of the Thames was artificial, and that as late as the time of Henry VIII. some part had been executed. I thus became convinced that the Clyde might be embanked as well as the Thames, or any of the others. Before I proceed to the developement of *my* plan, I should observe that I am aware of the plans and works for the deepening of the Clyde. Mine is quite the reverse, and is at once cheaper and easier of accomplishment; inasmuch as the deepening is a slow work of time, whereas I propose to raise the channel of the stream.

My idea is, that somewhere about Bowling Bay, the river may be dammed up, so as to make all the stream, to the bridges, a wet-dock, accessible to the Great Canal, and navigable by the Inchenen river to Paisley. I would sink a sufficient number of sugar hogsheads, filled with stones, in the line of the dam, as a skeleton to be clothed with stones and gravel,

and make in the dam two locks, one for the outward, and the other for the inward trade. But it is in the construction of this dam that my ingenuity would be chiefly exerted; for although I consider the employment of dredgers to keep the dam constantly of one depth necessary, I would so build the weir, that it should have a number of sluices, to open and shut at pleasure, along the bottom, level with the bottom of the river—considering that by this contrivance I would produce a strong under-current from the water of the river, to carry off the mud, and that a side-cut could be made to carry off the surplus water whenever the dam was full, and the sluices insufficient to prevent overflowing.

For the labourers requisite, I would, in addition to the common sort of labourers, request the major part of the troops commonly quartered in Glasgow, to be removed in the summer to Kilpatrick, and give the men, in addition to their pay, some allowance, that would raise their wages, when they chose to work on the embankment, equal to the rate paid to other labourers. The soldiers for this would, I am sure, all work; and the work might be done in a summer.

The money requisite, I would propose to raise, not by taxing vessels using the dammed waters, but by a tax on the dwelling-houses of Glasgow, upon the principle that the city would derive general benefit from the improvement, and should therefore contribute to defray the expense of making it. But independent of such a tax, I conceive a vast mill-power would be acquired at the dam, and that it might profitably be disposed of.

It is needless to be more particular; enough is here stated to show the practicability of the scheme, and how the means and money could be obtained, to make those on the spot look at the subject seriously: all I have to add is, that having imagined and ascertained, by reflecting on the hints of others, that a current from the mighty St Lawrence may be turned into a navigable channel, I am not sceptical of the result of working with such a comparative Molendinar as the Clyde.

My legacy to the influential wisdom of Greenock is as practicable, and should cost very little, as I propose Nature to co-operate.

Opposite the harbour of Greenock there is an ex-

tensive sand-bank, frequently dry at low water. It is now the property of the town, and would, were it an island, be of great value—a device often proposed. My plan is to make it one, by sugar-hogsheads; that is to say, by sinking a certain number, filled with stones, till a nucleus was formed always dry at full tide.

I have observed, that the ebb water is more *drum-ly* than the flood, and, therefore, I propose to arrange the hogsheads on the bank in such a manner as to draw into their arrangement the ebb current, which would gradually fill up the interstices, till a small island appeared.

When the nucleus was formed, I conceive the work would be done, for open spaces would be left in the enclosure, and in these spaces the mud and cleanings of the harbour might be deposited. The work has only to be commenced by bailies—Nature would do the rest, for rubbish to be shot on the spot would cost no more than an order from the harbour-master. Some trifling outlay at first is all that would be requisite, unless building sites were required, and then the price of them would furnish a fund for further

improvements. But besides the Venetian value of the enclosed bank, the harbour would be improved, and the roadstead converted into a river. I have never seen any spot more susceptible of improvement at so little expense; and if I saw it well begun, I would say—

"I have built my monument."

THE FERRY HOUSE

A SCOTTISH TALE OF HALLOWEEN.

INSCRIBED TO DR MOIR OF MUSSELBURGH.

THE day was come, the trysted day,
That drew me from the moors away,
In wynd, or close, or stair, to speer
If wins blithe luckie Fortune here.
With heavy step one afternoon,
Bearing my gun, my song a croone,
I thought with scad of day to reach
The Ferry publick on the beach;
And long ere night had closed her brods,
To cross the loch, and sleep where cods
And weel made beds, with sheets, I wot,
Show inns may be where clans are not.
But all the road I had to travel,
Was just a clay eclipse of gravel,
And every step I forward ettled,
A backward slidder whelp'd or kittled.

The day was sober, gray, and still,
With plaid o' mist was wrapp'd the hill.
The burn ran brown; the heather bell
Shed tears, for what—it couldna tell.
The crows held synod, and discoursed
Of dules ordained, and dooms the worst;
An owl flew past—her zealous passage
Show'd she was earnest on a message.

Star of the glen, the primrose pale
Gleams meekly in the shaggy vale;
The witch-forbidding row'ns display
Their cluster'd sparks of heatless ray;
The sloes with sullen ripeness glow,
As maids unsought, stale virgins grow;
And nuts—the crop is poor, I ween—
Ha! I forget 'tis Halloween.
But I must hasten while 'tis light—
The Deil, they say, has rope this night.
A something in forgotten time,
Still makes this haunted night sublime;
A shadowy shape, a mystery past,
Vast, black, and strange, behind is cast!

Dreigh was the way, but by and by
I saw a star, no in the sky,
But in the publick's window near,
The eye of shelter beaming clear;
The wick so short, the candle tall,
Denoted James was within call;
But from its houff the cobble flown,
Show'd he was o'er the Ferry gone.

There was no help—I could but bide
For his return, let what betide;
So at the door I tirl'd the pin—
It opened, and I slippet in;
For I had heard his marrow lay
At death's door sick, but she was clay.

Stretch'd on the bed, in deadals drest,
A plate of salt lay on her breast;
Quaite was the house, for death was in it—
There lay the corpse—alas! auld Janet!

No doubt the sight was very fleein,
But well I knew she had been deein,

And heard it said, a day or two
Were all that she might warsle thro'.
It gied, tho', to my heart a stang,
To see her yird I knew sae lang;
So down afore the corpse I sat,
And lainly eerie all but grat.

I thought of life—a shuttle flying—
Of bairns and bears—all flesh that's dying,
And life, that's like the blooming rose,—
In morning sunshine blithe it blows.
The flower is pluck'd—its soul, the smell,
Where is it now? in heaven or hell?

Oh, mortal man! within the glass
Thy ebbing sand is growing less,
And at thy elbow, dart in hand,
Ready to strike, grim Death doth stand,
With orbless holes where eyes have been;
A skull he wears—it's Halloween!

I felt I was almost asleep,
My limbs were tired, the way was deep,

But to behold again *that* sight,
Put soon irreverent sleep to flight,
While sad to my remembrance came
The lambent glory of a name.

Ah ! what avails it now, I said,
To her that lies in yon still bed,
What gauds of pride, or gems of grace,
Adorn the living female race ?
What shouts of jeopardy or joy,
The carlin's slumber can destroy ?
What flattery soothe the calm cold heart,
When dust from dust no more shall part,
And all to life and fancy dear,
Lie hush'd—hush'd—hush'd upon the bier?
There sleep the tuneful and the brave ;
The master there, and there the slave,
Afar from boiling-house or pen—
Gods ! I forget—I dream again !

Vex'd with myself, I leave my chair—
Go to the door, breathe caller air,

But soon resume my doleful seat,
And morals strange I soon repeat;
For there, before me, lay the dead,
A thing to shake the soul with dread,
Nor is it wise, full well I ween,
To wake a corpse on Halloween.

Then, in an awed and solemn strain,
I ruminated thus again—
What was this world before e'er life,
Death's parent, felt th' unfilial knife—
What was ere space was fill'd with rings,
Orbits of stars, and starry things?

While yet I spoke, I saw the door
Flung gently wide, and sad and sour,
Of mean attire, two labourous men
Come softly with a coffin ben.
They lay it down forenent the bed,
And from a shelf across the head,
Take, all in silence, from its place,
A gardevine, and syne a glass;
They spoke not, but one held it out,
The other fill'd it—full, no doubt.

Being refresh'd they rise, and lay
The shapen lump of kirkyard clay
Within the coffin's dismal womb,
Dread prologue to the grave and tomb.
When all was done, with stealthy feet,
I saw them from the house retreat.

But long the silent room of death
Was not serene—I saw a wraith—
Auld Janet's—as I live I saw her
Come out from hiding in a drawer,
And lift the coffin lid and raise
The dead as drest in its last claes.

While mute I gaz'd, she tore the shroud,
Death's vestment, off, and cried aloud—
" My true gudeman, awake, prepare,
With you this night I'll mak my lair;
Joe of my youth, shake off this trance,
With us the jointless dead shall dance;
A minstrel spring, at tryst or fair,
Is gay to hear, but we'll compare

The dead man's reel, the grave's strathspey,
That the blind worms and maggots play,
With rubs of thairm, that mortal men
Make when long parted meet again."

Then up full brisk the mort arose,
Awak'ning from its dumb repose,
But, oh! he was a sight to see,
As one that died in poverty;
For he was gaunt, the flesh was gone,
Without was skin, within was bone;
His een did shine like blobs of dew;
But, oh! his mouth! it gart me grue!
His neck was long, his legs and arms
Were things but seen at witching charms;
He was as Hunger's eager gnaw
Had toom'd his inside, kite and a'!

He seem'd well pleas'd, his een did show it,
Heavens hide thae teeth! for I'm no poet;
To look on sights forbid life's forfeit,
Sights! necromancies of a surfeit.

But ere I wist, like lightning shed,
A change came o'er the living dead;
He seem'd of glass—of shapen air,
An outline thing, a lightless glare,
And all the house appear'd to be
Fill'd with a countless companie,
Since the first dawn of ages born,
Those that had been their pride and scorn—
The dead were there, for wondrous then,
A mystery met my sharpen'd ken.

Between all edges, forms, and things,[1]
That corporal sense to vision brings,
I saw departed spirits shine,
Souls that had liv'd, a dim outline,
Theirs who had earn'd the world's applause,
And theirs who perish'd by the laws—
All, all appear'd, as if I sat
For trial in Jehosaphat.

[1] This thought is derived from those kind of mystical engravings in which the French excel, where the picture presents at the first glance one subject, and upon examination shows in the outlines another.

Again the door was open thrown,
And one by one, to me all known,
Successive enter'd, old and young;
The shadowy bridegroom then had tongue,
And welcom'd them with courtesy,
Beckon'd them in, syne said to me,
"Rise, stranger, rise, sir, ye maun come,—
But, oh! this night to take ye home!"

'Twas James that spoke—a moment's gleam
Show'd I had dreamt a prophet's dream;
For those I saw, the guests were they,
Since ta'en by Death: this gars me say,
While heaven is blue and earth is green,
Wake not a corpse on Halloween.

COMPENSATION,

CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO THE LATE BOROUGH PROPRIETORS.

THE practical effect of compensation has not yet been sufficiently considered as influencing improvements and reformations. I regard it as next to the desideratum; but except in the money to be granted to the West Indian planters for taking from them their slaves, I am not aware that it has ever been to any great amount considered in national affairs. Indemnification has been often given for losses sustained; but compensation, to facilitate the removal of impediments to political measures, has never been legislatively estimated as a means of attaining ends. And yet the subject is most important.

We do not think of opening a road, a street, or a canal, without allowing compensation to the proprietors for the damage which they may sustain in their properties; even the wildest of the radicals do not dispute the justice of this, because they know that

society is not prepared to admit that all property belongs to the state, and therefore the community has a right to do with it as it pleases.

Individual property is still respected, but it is only tolerated ; for the principle of granting compensation to enable public improvements to be effected, shows that the state does unconsciously and indirectly acknowledge that it is aware of all property being really vested in the community. No doubt there may be two words said on this, but at present it is enough to advert to the fact.

In order, however, to understand the subject aright, it must be conceded, that whatever a community tolerates for any considerable length of time, is not to be attributed to the government so much as to the members of the community themselves. Indeed, it scarcely admits of dispute, that in such cases the government, which must be regarded as a committee of management, only does what it conceives is agreeable to the people. No doubt, governments, in erroneous policy, sometimes commit acts of tyranny, such, for example, as the revocation of the edict of Nantz in France, by that of Lewis XIV., and there may

be something at the time in the state of popular opinion which permits the delinquency, but such measures are not long endured, and they always lead to results that for ever after prevent them from being respected.

I remember one day, during the discussions in the House of Lords on the bill for the degradation of Queen Caroline, a remark of the Earl of Harewood's, which struck me as full of wisdom, and which betokened a humane and enlightened mind. In speaking of the popular displeasure at the proceedings against her Majesty, his lordship, without expressing any opinion on her guilt or innocence, remarked that the people might be warm and wrong occasionally in their notions of public measures, but that they never failed to come right at last.

I agree with the Earl in this sentiment; and it seems to agree with what I consider to be unquestionable, namely, that whatever governments may do, and is long endured, the people must be regarded as responsible for, and that therefore the principle of compensation should be taken into the maxims of national rule, as a check upon popular precipitancy,

and the operations of prejudice. It is needless, however, to explain the process of reflection by which this inference is attained. I therefore jump at once to the conclusion.

In the Reform Bill I conceive the want of the principle was greatly felt, and that, as things go in the world, great injustice was committed. In "the murder of the innocents," as the disfranchisement of the nomination boroughs was facetiously called, this was strikingly the case. The nation had for ages tolerated their existence—the superiority over them possessed by individuals had become property—was notoriously worth money, and was by the members of the House of Commons regarded as a vendible article. All the kingdom knew this. It was as notorious as the sun at noon-day.

I do not defend their political existence, I only say that they existed, and that the nation knew it well, and by connivance sanctioned the sale of seats in Parliament, by which an actual money price was given to the property constituted by the circumstances which vested the political superiority of boroughs in individuals.

Now I do not contend for the preservation of this property. I regard it as having been an old unsightly house in the middle of a new street, and I say the proprietor should have been compensated for the destruction. The old houses in schedule A were precisely of this description, and there was iniquity in transferring from them to more popular places the privilege of sending members to Parliament, without making compensation. For in my opinion, though the nation, and state of things in it, did require some change, nothing existed to justify the confiscation of the political property in boroughs. No fault had been committed by the owners to justify the extraordinary mulct or punishment inflicted; and I presume to say, that if the public have derived benefit from the reform, it is owing to "the murder of the innocents," and I am persuaded that there is a dormant sense of fairness in the country, that, if once awakened, will give the compensation which should be made.

It is quite certain that the West Indian planters had no better right to the property in their slaves, than the nominators of the boroughs in schedule A, for instance, had to their privileges; and who is the

man possessed of common sense, by whom the L. 20,000,000 assured to them as the price of procuring the emancipation, is objected? That price, be it observed, is given to improve the condition of others, whereas the Reform Bill was passed to improve our own. "Charity begins at home!"

I am aware that at this time any proposition for compensation or indemnification to the proprietors of the boroughs in schedule A would be scouted with hisses and scorn, for they are regarded as offenders; but my confidence in the spirit of fairness which pervades the British public is so great, that I am persuaded that at last the question will be seen in its true light, and that it ought in the end to be all the debate, if the *ci-devant* borough-holders are courageous enough to assert their right, what shall be the mode of levying a tax for their behoof. I say their right, for I conceive their time-sanctioned privilege to nominate the members of their boroughs was no less; and I would ask, by what better tenure than popular permission are estates held? All earthly happiness is notional, and if it contribute to the glory of a magnanimous people to give L.20,000,000

sterling in order that 800,000 slaves may be free, how much more worthy of their character would it be to give a few hundred thousands to indemnify those from whom they have taken the means of advancing their own political condition?

The mode of indemnifying the proprietors (that were) of the disfranchised boroughs is so very easy, that one would almost fancy it had been providentially ordained.

It only requires us to go upon the principle of the price of land, and we have very simple data for our calculation. Take the price of land, for example, at twenty years' purchase of the rental, and you have only to apply the same rule in estimating the value of the boroughs. Thus it should be ascertained what was the average annual value of a seat in Parliament under the old system, and multiply that by the number of years agreed on as to the period for which compensation should be made; the multiplicand would give the amount. The sum would not be great; therefore, till it be paid, let not the people revel in their freedom, or imagine that they have attained it without revolutionary immorality.

MAY.

In riant hours, the buxom May
Bids laughing streams deride the sun,
And birds be blithe and lilies gay,
And shouting children leap and run.

Like topaz bright on lady's breast,
The nuzzling bee sucks on the flower;
And garlanded all in their best,
The trees have donn'd like maids their dower.

The cuckoo from the leafy bough
Alarms the churl who walks alone;
The whistling swains the fallows plough,
And maidens sigh and poets moan.

There's not a bloom on bush or brier
But lures the old to pluck and smell;
The songsters of the woodland choir
But pleasures to the young foretell.

The bleating lambs to mothers dear
Awaken kindness in the heart;
And wingless milkmaids, singing clear,
With larks and linnets bear a part.

The delver sees o'er cherish'd seed
Green omens of the summer's smile,
And, half reluctant, nips the weed
That peeps unbidden from the soil.

The duck floats proudly in the pool,
Her callow young are sailing nigh;
The far-come galley, rich and full,
Not prouder round sees wherries ply.

The cottage smoke, a shadowy tree,
Stands in the calm and sunny air,
And hopping mills, whose plashing glee
The wading schoolboys seem to share.

The cat purs on the roof serene,
And slyly oft the sparrow eyes;
Stretch'd in the sunshine, on the green,
The panting dog in slumber lies.

The blackbird in his wicker keep
Rehearses olden minstrelsy;
And mystic swallows circling sweep,
Skill'd in the craft of masonry.

Their webs in winter woven, lo!
The ruddy damsels singing spread,
And seeds of purity they sow,
In shining showers of silver shed.

With nimble brush and carol shrill
The painter at the window stands,
And nesters for the furzy hill
Enlist for Saturday their bands.

With willow pipes delighted sit,
In shadow cool of kiln or barn,
Melodious urchins, concert-smit,
And chirps of heavenly rapture learn.

Not happier he on stone in stream,
Who tranc'd the travelling traitor eyes,
And glorying in the clouded beam,
Plucks twinkling stars from nether skies.

As bless'd, more bless'd, the prattling child,
Who crowns the labouring waggon's load;
Sublime on shudd'ring chattels piled,
And moving to a new abode.

He shares not with his sire below
The carking of the bosom's ache,
Nor deems the home he soon shall know,
A refuge poverty must take.

O, spring of life! May of the mind!
Thy gorgeous wreaths are doom'd to fade—
But why to sadness so inclined,
Should I thus seek the solemn shade?

Why thus the vernal nymph abjure
That laves the world with light and song?
Ah! bright sweet May, thou hast no cure,—
My anguish Life can but prolong.

May 16, 1824.

THE UNKNOWN.

One afternoon, about the end of May, a West Country stage-coach drove into an inn in London, and from the outside a young man alighted, eighteen or nineteen years of age, dressed in mourning. In his hand he held a bundle of papers tied in a handkerchief. It was fastened to his wrist with a string, thereby intimating that he esteemed it of importance. After alighting, he waited to receive a small old-fashioned trunk deposited in the boot.

The appearance of David Apjones was very prepossessing. His countenance shone with intelligence, and the blithe frankness of his eyes bespoke cheerfulness and confidence. He was indeed an uncommonly handsome youth, altogether such as in any circumstances would have been remarkable. His air had in it something distinguished above the fashion of his clothes, which were only such as are worn by the

sprucer order of village beaux; they were, however, new, and showed that they had only been recently put on in memory of a friend.

While he was standing in the yard, Mr Halford stepped from the inside of the coach, an old gentleman, somewhat eccentric in his appearance, but withal quiet and respectable. His dress was of an obsolete cut, and, though his physiognomy indicated great good-nature, he affected a droll brittleness of temper, which evidently owed as much to voluntary whim as to natural temperament. The general style of his appearance showed that he was a bachelor, and the neatness of his apparel that he was in comfortable circumstances.

Seeing our young hero standing by himself, he went towards him, and entered into a casual conversation, observing that he must have had a pleasant ride on the outside, as the aspect of the country was then fresh and luxuriant, and the day had been sunny and beautiful.

"O, yes!" replied the ingenuous youth, "it was delightful; and, as I have all my life been bred in a nook of the world, you can't imagine what enjoyment

I have had in coming towards this great town, the very smoke of which is magnificent—to me it seemed sublime!"

"Hem!" ejaculated Mr Halford, pursing his mouth; "strange phraseology. I dare say, young man, you're a verse-maker?"

"O, yes!" replied the lad, smiling, "I do sometimes write poetry."

"Poetry!" said Mr Halford, "I guessed as much; and what is it about? no doubt, lambkins milk-white and shady green trees?"

"No, no," replied the young Welshman, "it is better than that. In this handkerchief I have the manuscript of an epic poem."

"Aye, rhymesters always begin with epics, but they find their level at last in doggrel ditties, the very kennels of the Muses."

"I don't know that," replied Apjones; "but Mr Lloyd used to say mine was very good, and that I had only to get some person of critical discernment to read it, to be convinced that better things might be expected from me."

"Well, that is ingenuous, however," said the old

gentleman; "and where do you hope to meet with such a discerning friend?"

"Oh, there are plenty of such in the world! In London, to be sure. What did I come here for?"

A slight shade of sadness darkened the visage of Mr Halford at this speech; and the guard coming at the moment to Apjones with his trunk, Mr Halford gave him his card, saying,

"I will be really pleased to see you at my house when you are settled in lodgings;" and smiling pensively, added, "I desire above all things to become acquainted with an unfledged poet."

Apjones promised to call, and Mr Halford went away.

"He is a main good gentleman that," said the guard, "and always goes and comes by we; but he has a temper, and so has a pepper-box, as I knows."

After some additional jargon, he conducted the bardling to a lodging-house hard by, kept by an acquaintance.

In the meantime Mr Halford, in his way home, involuntarily thought of his young fellow-traveller, whose openness of disposition and simplicity had in a

short conversation greatly interested him. But on his arrival at home an unforeseen occurrence changed the subject of his ideas, and he forgot all about him. This was in consequence of finding there a lady, a relation from the country, who had come to transact some indispensable law business in town.

Mrs Seymour passed a very gloomy and sequestered widowhood. In early life the vessel in which she was coming from Ireland with her husband, an officer, and child, was wrecked on the coast of Wales, and all on board but herself had perished. It was thought for some time that the baby would have been heard of, as it was laid in a sailor's chest to protect it; but a wave bursting over the wreck, carried the chest away. She had been herself soon after rescued by a passing vessel, but before greater assistance could be rendered, the packet foundered with all on board.

This melancholy accident made an indelible impression on the lady. She passed her days in the monotony of mourning, and, except on the occasion which called her to London at this time, had never, for more than eighteen years, left the unfrequented habitation in which she had secluded herself.

For his sorrowful kinswoman Mr Halford had great sympathy, much more than the world gave him credit for entertaining; and in the hope that she might be won in some degree from her grief, he invited to his house, as a companion for her while in London, the daughter of a friend, for whom, on account of her talents, he cherished a fatherly partiality.

Rosetta Claremont was indeed no ordinary girl, for, in addition to superior personal beauty, she possessed a singular power of intuitive discernment. Others, as well as herself, thought this rare tact but superior skill in physiognomy. It was, however, a finer endowment; for though essentially of that quality, it was extremely delicate and penetrating. A spirituality in the way by which it affected her, rendered it akin to genius—something not easily described, and yet palpable, as an air is felt to be higher than a tune, or as the melody of some voices is superior to others, and yet not more truly musical.

When Mr Halford had been some days with the ladies, he recollected the young bard, giving a description of him, and adding jocularly, that he was a fit subject for Rosetta to test with her skill. This

led to the expression of a wish that he would call, and excited a degree of curiosity to see him; but as several days passed and he did not come, she began to suppose that he was not very extraordinary. At last one morning he did make his appearance, and was cordially welcomed by Mr Halford.

Nothing about the youth seemed to have undergone any change. His conversation was gay and ingenuous, and he gave an account of the sights he had seen at once picturesque and interesting. The halo of a poetical taste invested all he described, and the old gentleman and the young lady were highly pleased with their friend, for his candour made him seem to them as such almost from the moment he entered.

Mrs Seymour was not in the room; she only passed him on the stair as he was going away, and when she came in, she silently took a seat beside Mr Halford and Rosetta, according to custom, without speaking.

Whether, on her entrance, she evinced any symptoms of agitation, cannot be now ascertained, for her silence was so usual as to excite no particular remark. In about half an hour, however, after, when the

visitor was no longer the subject of conversation, she suddenly burst into tears and retired to her own chamber, greatly affected by some pungent undivulged sorrow.

"I wonder," said Mr Halford, "what has come over my cousin: she seems to have felt a sudden sharper pang than usual."

"I have noticed," replied Rosetta, "that she was shaken with some unaccountable fear, as if beset with imaginations different from the topic of her grief, though connected with it. What can they have been?"

Nothing more particular then passed; but, when the disconsolate lady made her appearance again, instead of the solemn melancholy habitual to her countenance, her eyes were unsettled, her complexion flushed, and a wild hectic glow occasionally flamed on her cheek, as if she manifested some prognostication of a malady. At last she said, with a kind of hysterical voice,—

"Were it not foolish, I could assert that I have seen my husband's ghost, in the self-same shape, and dressed as when I first saw him. He had just then buried his father, and was in mourning."

Mr Halford, who was naturally incredulous, endeavoured to turn her mind into a different channel, but Rosetta, with her usual curious metaphysical bias, said, she thought so much of Captain Seymour, that it was not surprising if sometimes she should fancy that she saw him.

"True," said the mournful lady; "I see him always as I saw him last. His image is never absent, but this apparition was not as I have ever seen him, save on that day when we first met."

Her seriousness precluded all reply. No questions were asked as to when she had seen the phantom, and it was never imagined that the visit of Apjones could have any connexion with her superstitious delusion.

In the meantime, the poet had carried his Epic to an eminent publisher, who received him, or the manuscript in his hand, very graciously. There was, nevertheless, something in the reception rather gritty, blended with the suavity of artificial politeness—something of an assumed superiority which made him feel, as it were, belonging to a lower condition than that of the portly and prosperous bookseller; for it is one of the mysteries of the craft to make authors secretly

feel, that in the republic of letters, publishers are of a higher grade.

The publisher, on observing the size of the manuscript, said, with an air of indifference, "The taste of the age requires works, especially fictions, which I suppose this is, to be in three volumes. Single volumes won't serve."

"Yes," replied Apjones, "it is a fiction; but who ever heard of three volumes of poetry published for the first time?"

"Poetry!" cried the bibliopole. "God bless your innocence! Poetry's a drug; unless it be something like Milton's Paradise Lost, no publisher in his senses will touch it."

"Ah," replied the green author, "but all time has only produced one Paradise Lost."

"Very true, young gentleman," said the "one of the trade," "and that shows you how dangerous it is to soil your fingers with making verses; for, had Milton lived in this age of Reviews, I doubt very much if he would have been so great a man. For my part, I believe every thing is in a name. Had Milton brought his work to me, and offered it for five guineas

instead of the fifteen he got, I doubt if I could have given him half the money. No, no—it won't suit. Anonymous poetry won't do; you must get a name before you can hope to succeed with the trade."

"But how can I till I have published?" said Apjones, with boyish simplicity.

"Get a friend—some one known by reputation," was the reply.

The bard, on hearing this, recollected Mr Halford, and with that knowledge of the world for which studious young men are so modestly eminent, determined on the instant to call on him, and to enlist him in his cause, for he had met with no other in London who seemed so likely to be a friend; accordingly, after a few words further, he departed, leaving the manuscript with the bookseller, saying, he would call again in the course of the day, with an acquaintance.

He had not one in his confidence in the metropolis, but he thought Mr Halford might be of use to him, and to this cause the visit was owing which we have already described. The kindness of his reception made his hopes burn brighter.

During the visit, the conversation being general,

Apjones found no opportunity to introduce the subject of his publication; but, as he was invited to return to dinner, he was not, in consequence, disconcerted; indeed, he thought it would be better then to speak of his object. In this, however, he acted as a young man, for certainly it was very juvenile to imagine that though Mr Halford had invited him to his house, he yet cared two straws about him. The invitation to dinner was no doubt something palpable, but we shall see the result.

While Apjones was absent at Mr Halford's, a well-known author of that day happened to call at the publisher's shop, and the bibliopole, handing the manuscript, told him a very laughable story of the schoolboy to whom it belonged, particularly about thinking himself another Milton, requesting the author, in the most benevolent manner, on the lad's account, "to look at the poems of the minor."

The veteran literatus, having learned by experience something of the tricks of the trade, pretended that he could not at that time take the manuscript with him. In the evening, however, the bookseller sent it to his house, for, in accordance to the aforesaid

system, he craftily desired to obtain an opinion of the work on which he could rely.

Mrs Seymour was not at dinner. She had been so much agitated with the belief of having seen the ghost of her husband, that she was unable to make her appearance. The party, however, consisted of our hero, Rosetta, Mr Halford, and a stranger.

When the servants had withdrawn, the conversation became free, and Apjones, full of the idea of rising to distinction, was lively and interesting, especially in the use of that recondite phraseology which had first attracted the attention of his host. He seemed, indeed, a very accomplished young man, full of elegant literature, possessing that kind of classical allusion in his expressions which indicates the well-educated who attain excellence in public speaking. The stranger was delighted with him; but now and then Rosetta Claremont, whose discernment was so peculiar, looked at him with a cast of anxiety in her countenance, as if she perceived something artificial and unsound in his gaiety.

It happened that in the course of the small talk that circulated with the dessert, Mr Halford forgot

our hero's name, and, with unnecessary address, enquired how he happened to be called differently from his father?

"O," replied the youth, "I do not know who was my father."

All the party looked aghast.

"'Tis true," continued he, "Mr Lloyd was in all but in name my father. I am a foundling—the only soul saved from a wreck on our coast. I was found embedded in a seaman's chest, and Mr Lloyd brought me up as his own child. He was a clergyman, and I was an orphan."

This was said unaffectedly, but the impression on the company was serious. It spoiled their hilarity, and occasioned to Apjones an indescribable dryness, which he felt in his heart, but could not explain.

On both Mr Halford and Rosetta the effect was very solemn. They knew of Mrs Seymour's misfortune, of which, however, their information was not very circumstantial, but it reminded them of the sorrow she had long suffered, and they rejoiced that she happened not then to be present.

During the remainder of the evening, the hue of

the conversation changed, and the gifted young lady looked often at the adventurer with mingled pity and fear. Why she did so, is not revealed to us; but it is certain that there are minds so constituted, that they seem most sprightly when they are known to have the greatest cause for apprehension.

> " So the face may be tinged with a warm, sunny smile,
> While the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

Apjones himself perceived the alteration which his unstudied statement had produced, but he took no other notice of it, only enquiring at Rosetta if she had ever been in Wales, and began to describe the coast of his childhood with enthusiasm, tinted with poetry. " Often," said he, " I have wished since I came to London to be there again, but it is probable I never shall—and yet there was nothing in its aspect to make me so attached. But who looks for beauty in the face of an old friend? The residence of Mr Lloyd was at the bottom of a steep green hill, where here and there the rocks, covered with silvery lichens, looked out in fragments of cliffs and precipices. Not a tree was to be seen; only a large thorn grew near the house, and a few sheep dotted, as it were, the sides

of the hill. Yet it was a pleasant place, and the summer waves ran so playfully on the shore, that the heart was gladdened to see them. And then in the winter storm, how majestic was the turbulence! the sea was as a battle; and when a ship was then seen gliding along the horizon, it seemed as the War God descended from Olympus. O, lady! you cannot imagine the fine anarchy of a tempestuous ocean!"

But though he spoke with energy and elocution, his animated descriptions failed. Mr Halford sat silent, with his mouth pursed,—the stranger shared his taciturnity, and was perplexed,—while the eyes of the young lady were often fixed with a keener inquisition on the features of Apjones, at all times luminously prepossessing. In excitement they exhibited a mental radiance often striking. She observed that while describing his early home, a tear rose in his eye, glistening with regret and remembrance.

At a becoming hour the poet and the other guest went away; but, instead of leaving his chair, Mr Halford continued to meditate, and Miss Rosetta said, with a peculiar shrewdness, that she hoped Mr Apjones was happy.

"Why do you doubt?" said Mr Halford. "You saw how he sparkled. O, he is one of your poetical salamanders that live in an element in which all others would perish."

"I wish," was the reply of the lady, "that he does not on the contrary feel too much that he is only a human being."

"There is nothing," answered the thoughtful old gentleman, "that one could desire altered in his appearance—his flights in conversation would become a minstrel; but one ought really to know something about every body one asks to one's house. I was pleased with the lad's looks, and invited him, not dreaming then that he was but a helpless foundling. He may now fix himself on me: I am foolish to be so rash with my invitations."

Rosetta, instead of replying, answered, "that she was glad Mrs Seymour had kept her own room. His story would have been too much for her—it was so pathetic."

"Pathetic! well, I thought," said Mr Halford, "that he told it with very great levity. I did not like such indifference."

"Oh! it was only in his manner," exclaimed the young lady. "I noticed, when he had finished the brief narration, he looked around as one that is very forlorn. His levity was no deeper than his smile, the complexion of the skin: his spirit, I am sure, was very sad."

In cursory reflections of this kind they spent the remainder of the evening. The old gentleman was not quite well satisfied with himself, and Rosetta retired to her own room, with her head more occupied with Apjones than was propitious to her sleep and dreams; an interest without affection.

In going to dine with Mr Halford, Apjones had an object in view; for although he had been only a few days in London, he had found the necessity of having friends in it, especially after what had passed with the publisher, and he had hoped that some occasion might arise in which he could, slight as their acquaintance was, speak of what he felt the need of; but the presence of an entire stranger, not particularly conciliatory, checked his intention, and he returned to his lodgings with a feeling of vexation amounting almost to disappointment.

In the meantime, the distinguished author to whom the publisher sent the manuscript, was, in spite of a contrary predetermination, much surprised with the exhibition of talent which scintillated in many places; but he was affected with the spirit of trade, from which the literary fraternity are not more exempt than lawyers or tailors, or other artists of any kind. Its dominion and jurisdiction is over all who make their livelihood by the rivalry of industry or ability. Military men and sailors only are untainted with its influence.

Whether this arises from the endeavour to obtain distinction, which with them is held to be equivalent to money, is doubtful; perhaps it may be owing to the path which leads to the eminences of fame lying through dangers. Be this, however, as it may, the author knew that the world buys only a limited number of all books, and that a work which might become popular would cause a diminution in the sale of others —among which, that of his own would be contracted. Accordingly, unconsciously he resolved to give but a cool report of our adventurer's epic; and when he returned the manuscript, he did so.

He damned with faint praise; saying, "for a lad, certainly, the piece had merit, but then youthiness is impressed on every page. Were I," said he, "to write a critique of the work for any periodical, I could easily, by a few quotations, make it appear that the author was a very extraordinary genius, if I chose; and, in like manner, were I actuated by inimical motives, I could demonstrate that it was a poor commonplace affair. In a few words, it is a crude performance; but though it betokens the possession of considerable talent, and talent of no ordinary kind, it is still the production of one who is indisputably not a veteran in literature."

The bookseller, in consequence of this very candid opinion, resolved to have nothing to do with the publication.

"If," replied he, "it were a novel, or any sort of prose composition, one would have less doubt about it; but excellence in poetry is so very rare, and is, by the by, so like only what is respectable, a very bad quality in a poem, that I shall wash my hands of it."

Accordingly, when Apjones called in the course of

the day, he received back the manuscript, the publisher mentioning that he had glanced at the work, and that he could not, with the present state of his engagements, undertake the publication.

The poor bard received the papers with no very enviable emotion; being, however, a courageous youth, he apparently sustained no acute disappointment, though all his hopes of obtaining patronage in the world depended on the work. But his little means not being yet much diminished, he went with ardour to another publisher, not perhaps with the same confidence, but still with no obvious change in his expectations; they were neither so erect nor vigorous, it is true, but in no remarkable degree faded.

Some time after, the stranger again dined with Mr Halford, when Mrs Seymour, being more composed than on the former occasion, was at table. Their conversation was not very *recherché;* it consisted of the topics of the day, till he happened to observe that he had lately met the young man in the street with whom he had dined on his last visit.

" I was not at first sure it was him, for I did not speak to him, but he looked at me earnestly—so

earnestly, that, notwithstanding his altered appearance, in the end I recognised him. I suspect, poor lad, he has fallen in with bad associates—these birds of prey are ever ready to pounce on strangers; he seemed much thinner, the colour had left his cheeks, and his eyes had that febrile brightness which indicates something morbid and unsound." Then, turning round to Mrs Seymour, with whose sad story he was unacquainted, he informed her that he had been much interested by the prepossessing appearance of the young man, and still more by his situation. "He is," said he, "a foundling."

"A foundling!" cried the lady with an impassioned voice.

"Yes; found, as he told us, on the coast of Wales, in a seaman's chest, when an infant."

Mrs Seymour uttered a scream, and starting from her seat, fell senseless on the floor. When recovered, she told her own story, and wildly entreated to be taken to the youth, declaring that he could be no other than her son, and the same she had thought was the ghost of her husband.

It is unnecessary to describe the commotion—all

etiquette was disregarded—and Mr Halford, who had taken the adventurer's address, agreed at once to accompany her to his lodgings ;—they drove directly, and with speed to the house, but on arriving, were told that he had long left, and that it was not known there what had become of him. A neighbouring girl, however, happening to overhear their anxious enquiry, recollected to what part of the town he had removed, and gave them the direction.

They went to it, but he had not remained there more than a week : the anxiety of Mrs Seymour increased, and they persevered in search of him, till, in a mean court off Gray's Inn Lane, the house was found to which he had retired.

He was not at home when they arrived, and they waited for some time in expectation of his return. Mrs Seymour frequently wept bitterly, and Mr Halford examined the squalor of the obscure and beggarly apartment. It was a dingy garret, that had once been whitewashed ; the walls were here and there inscribed with hieroglyphical sentences, and in one place over the broken plaster was pasted a ballad with an illustrative cut, representing two men hang-

ing on a gibbet. The furniture became the ornaments. Three paralytic chairs with matted bottoms, one of them ragged, were as seats; a large chest was the substitute of a table and a closet, and a quantity of straw, with a piece of old carpeting in a corner, showed probably the sleeping-place, for there was no bedstead.

When Mr Halford had examined the contents of the room, he proposed to Mrs Seymour, rather than wait in such a place the uncertain return of Apjones, to go back to the carriage; and accordingly requested an old woman, with a red shawl round her neck, and a shabby black silk handkerchief tied above her cap, to mention to him when he came home that Mr Halford had been there, and would soon return. They then went to the carriage, and on account of the meanness of the neighbourhood, instead of stopping longer at the entrance of the court, gave directions to the coachman to take a short drive to consume the time.

While so engaged, the landlady had occasion to go out on some errand of household thrift, and during her absence, Apjones returned.

He went up at once to his own room, and having seated himself, looked around with a wan and ravenous gaze, a kind of insane vacancy of look, and then drew from his pocket a labelled phial, which he placed on the chest that served for a table.

His dress was much altered, as well as his personal appearance. Instead of the mourning which he had worn for Mr Lloyd, he had on other and very shabby apparel; his shoes were old and mended; his trowsers stained and patched; an old black waistcoat, buttoned close to the throat, concealed that he was without a shirt; and his coat of tattered blue had only three or four brass buttons remaining;—no spectacle could be more wretched, for his clothes only served to make misery conspicuous.

After sitting some time in a mournful mood, he hastily drew several papers from his pocket—they were the manuscripts of his epic—he looked at them with a wild sadness, and seizing the phial which lay beside him, swallowed the contents with a shudder; but he had scarcely done so, when again gazing for a moment at the phial, he suddenly, with a trembling

hand, flung it away, and dropping on his knees and clasping his hands, uttered some fearful ejaculations.

At this crisis, the landlady came in, and delivered Mr Halford's message; but he listened as if he heard her not, and she soon after left the room, looking at him suspiciously askance as she retired. The disturbance which this occasioned induced him to resume his seat, and he continued to sit with his hands listlessly locked in one another, as if he expected something would come to pass. After a short pause, he lifted again the manuscript, the leaves of which he turned carelessly over, and here and there read a few verses. On one occasion he smiled, but abruptly recollecting himself, he indignantly tore the poem into pieces, and threw his eyes around with the same wild flash as when he first entered the apartment, clasping his hands deliriously in the air, and exclaiming, "It is too late!"

At this juncture, Mr Halford and Mrs Seymour returned, and the moment that the agitated lady beheld him, she cried, in frenzy, "It is my own, my long lost Seymour!" and threw herself senseless in his arms; but before she could be recovered, the poi-

son he had swallowed began to take effect, and he could only articulate in broken sentences.

Without observing the alteration, the exulting mother sprung up, and cried with frantic accents, "I tied myself a ring round his neck," and tearing his waistcoat open, beheld a ribbon, but instead of a ring, she only found a bit of rag containing a pawnbroker's duplicate, and in the same moment he fell from his chair and expired!

THE UNIVERSE.

" Ah, me! how gross," I heard a Geni say,
" Are the perceptions of the creature man!
He lives in twilight, and believes it day,
And from Beersheba even unto Dan
Chatters of orbits and the milky way,
As if infinitude were but a span,
And he, the wight, could mete Nature's stupendous
plan!

" Stars he calls suns, and dreams of orbs sublime,
When thus the freckles of the night he names;
Tells us of cycles, eddy swirls of time,
In the great shoreless ocean's stream, and claims
Stern durability for hills. That chime
The moon rings monthly on the signs, he frames
Into a melody, and storms by it he tames.

" What is in all this solemn mystery,
That they who know th' eternal vast of space

With awe should note? Clipt by the boundary
Of that which has none, there must be a place
Within the measureless periphery,
Where shining spheres run their appointed race
As broad in their bright disks as vision can embrace.

"Yet these great orbs, bowl'd by th' Almighty hand,
Which roll unknown to mortals of the earth,
Do less amazement by their might command
Than the small myriads of viewless birth,
Whose globe and world 's a pile of drifting sand,
A fruitful atom in the Arabian dearth.
Children of God are they, and may be bless'd for
worth.

"To think the scope and purposes of things
(It is a darkling vapour of the mind)
Can e'er be scann'd by man—yes, thoughts have wings
With which they fly to regions unconfin'd;
But still they feel entanglement, and strings
That to a round their finite freedom bind,
Careering in the light, or riding on the wind."

The Geni ceased; but to my throbbing ear
His words of truth a humbling import bore—
How small is man, how circumscrib'd his sphere;
His life an instant was, and is no more!
With conscious shame opprest, I wept that e'er
I deem'd the earth was aught but dross or ore,
Or such a thing as man could be, but to deplore.

THE SOUTHERN CONTINENT;

AN EXTRACT FROM THE NARRATIVE OF

CAPTAIN LAMPIT,

FORMERLY OF SALEM.

'CORDING to my 'ployer in Tooley Street, of the King's Village at the end of the London Bridge, which was ruinated last year to make people go round by a new fabrication 'rected in honour of Squire Wellington's defeats, which, by all 'counts, were equal to victories, after leaving the Falkland Islands, we took our course right away south and by west, where it was supposed we should find whales and seals as plentiful and lively as tumbling sea-hogs.

'Cording to orders, we sailed without 'pediment for a pretty considerable long time, when one evening at sun-down, Mr M'Farlane, the mate, 'ported that the air was as thick as butter-milk, and that the sun had no more shine in it than a Suffolk cheese.

This 'larming 'telligence made me spring in a jiffey on deck, and, to be sure, M'Farlane had com-

mitted no 'gravation, for, though the air was not quite so thick as milk and water, it would have made the common tea milk of London look dev'lish blue. As for the sun, if it was not like a cheese—and like a Suffolk cheese, too—I would be very much 'bliged to any citizen to find me a more neater 'smilitude.

Having consternated some time at this phynomenon, I 'sulted with the mate about 'verhauling the vessel, and to lie-to for convenience till next morning, which he highly 'pproved of; so we lay-to, 'cause it would have been a leetle courageous to have kept our course in such a fog as was then lying on the smooth sea all before us, like loose cotton before it is packed in the bag.

This fog grew thicker and thicker, inasmuch, that next morning, about two hours after sunrise, we could not, without a 'vestigation, discern the mainmast from the tiller head, nor any mother's son on board, at more distance than the length of himself. Every sailor, at arm's length off, seemed more of a blue devil than a man.

Moved from the spot where we were, would have been most 'pertinent, and the sea 'vironated every

now and then; M'Farlane, the mate, a brave fellow, gave a most 'dacious whistle, which showed that he was not in a 'mendable state of mind. That day we lay like a hulk—not a flan of wind could be descried; and Mr M'Farlane 'gan to say, in a very funeral manner, that he hoped it would not come to blow. I had, however, my own fears, but 'ticulated nothing.

In the afternoon, we had a touch of the temper of the weather, and the fog became 'spersed, and the wind to blow out like a squaw puffing her 'bacco. The night, then nearing, was to us no feather-bed prospect, but the ship lay her course.

As the sun rose next morning, the wind began to strengthen till it blew—my eye! how it did blow out of the north-east, which made the ship snoove through the water at such a rate, that it would be a prejudice to truth to say she did not fly over the waves like a biddy to roost.

When the sun set again, there was no fog. The ship was going as manfully as a drum-major, and the sun was as bright as any yellow bottle in the 'pote-

cary's window. M'Farlane, who was then all sight, touched me softly on the arm, whereupon I stepped aside with him.

"Do you see yon?" said he, in a low voice like a whisper, or as if he had got a hoarse cold.

"What?" said I.

"I think," said he, "it is an island."

The sailor at the mast-head, in the same catastophre, called out, "Land!" And as we were hurling along at a galloping rate, before dark, we were in full view of the prospect of another world. I told M'Farlane that it was certainly the southern continent of Terra 'Cognity.

"Then," cried he, snapping his fingers above his head, "I wouldn't take a thousand pounds for my chance, for I shall be 'nother C'lumbus, as you can't deny, captain, but to go for to testificate that I saw M'Farlane's Land first, and that is the name of it."

We then shortened sail and came to good anchorage in a considerable bay, with something like nineteen fathom water. By this time the hills a-head loomed large and dark, and I 'knowledged, with the mate, that we should not take possession till next

morning, at a reasonable hour; and, as he saw the land first, I sent him, not to damage the right of King George, to the discovery, M'Farlane chartering that I should have a handsome per centage on whatever he received from the King and the English Parliament.

That night there was not a dream winked in all the ship, we thinking how we had made the great southern continent. Mr M'Farlane said, it is true, very little, but it was easy to be seen that he had big thoughts in his head, for he walked by himself with the most saucy stability, evidently crowing that he was now among navigators, being the first who had seen land over the starboard bow, where no one had ever expected it substantially to be; but his 'minations were small craft, compared to those of others. One of the boys, Bill Oakum by name, enquired at me, "If the stones on the shore would not be all wedges of solid gold?"

At daylight we hoisted out the jolly-boat, and I sent M'Farlane, with four smart hands, on a splorification. After being several hours *non inventure*, as the lawyers say, he came back as if he had a ring in the snout, and said, he could by no manner of means

find a landing-place. Says he, "Yon rocks are all coal, with black mountains atop, as you have seen broken bottles guarding, like old watchmen, a wall."

On hearing this, I 'plied,—

"Then, as soon as stay 'nother night in this hoodwink'd place, I'd light my Havannah at the Pole star; for, if the cliffs be, as you say, 'pendic'lous, by all the ropes in the ship, we are in a jeopardy enough to make a man say his prayers. So, up anchor, and bear away! keeping to the west, with the land on the larboard, till we find a legion where we may anchor."

I had scarcely said this when the ship was a-travelling and steering close in-shore. We had a pleasant view of the coast, but it was, I must allow, of a niggerous phys'onomy. At last, in the afternoon, we came to an inlet, which gushetted far into the interior. We steered into it, and 'served that the high mountains were only a screenage to the land from the sea, and that all within was very fertile and beautiful to behold, with trees at a gentlemanly distance from each other.

We had not looked long till Mr M'Farlane 'tected that the trees were not of a Christian kind, being

all like huge broom-besoms without leaves, and as flexible as any thing in the wind, stooping down with a *parlez vous*, when it blew hard, and brushing the ground like a 'tensil in the hands of a help.

When we had sailed up this gulf, some forty miles, we came to anchor in a beautiful basin. It was like a bowl, and it was calm—green grass grew to the shore, and Mr M'Farlane said, that "we were like Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, only there were them lanky trees, which were no better in his opinion than a miracle."

Nothing very 'tic'lar happened that night, for every soul was dispirited with the talkative watch that all hands had kept the night 'fore. Even Mr M'Farlane was 'citurn, but in his sleep he remembered his 'scovery; and once he dreamt that he saw King George, but that was in his sleep, who said, that he had not 'scovered Terra 'Cognity. Saving this dormant 'troversy, nothing special came to pass, but, by break of day, all hands were stirring, and Mr M'Farlane sought leave again to go on shore, to 'certain whether or no the country was habited.

I, of course, 'sented, and making all handy with

breakfast, he embarked with picked hands to p'rambulate the country.

I saw with some 'xiety the boat depart from the ship's side, thinking what he would do if the natives were Ingees, or maybe Giants, for I had heard of the giants in Patagony, and of the 'Clops that were long ago with 'Lysses at the siege of Troy, which lasted ten years.

As the boat 'proached the shore, we saw from the deck a terrible splashing in the water, which could not be 'terpreted, and presently, Mr M'Farlane, leaping ashore and smashing the sea with a boat-hook, a phynomenon, which Hydra H. Spencer the schoolmaster would have been puzzled to 'splain, and had it not been more for one thing than another, I would have lowered the other boat and 'spected myself the cause of the 'fusion; however, the hobblement did not last long, and the mate, with the men, having hauled up the boat on the green grass, went into the 'terior, and we soon lost sight of them, bekase of them broom trees whereof I've made mention.

While M'Farlane and the men were not in exist-

ence to the naked eye, I had my own fears, for certainly it was very venturesome to go a-wandering up and down in a land which we had no 'cumstance to prove was Terra 'Cognity, but I kept a sharp look-out, and sent Bill Oakum to the mast-head to see, if he could, which way they went.

The boy had not been there two glasses when he cried down in a great fluster that he couldn't 'stinguish a soul, but that there were five honeymills atop of a hill, all dancing a jig and spinning round about like peeries, which he 'sposed was the mate and other hands for joy, having found a gold mine.

This 'telligence of the 'splorers eased my mind to a degree, having no other account. Howsomever, it came to pass, after they had been 'clipsed several hours, that all hands being on deck, cried out at once, "Yonder comes the mate and his gang, flying for dear life."

We were all in a 'sternation, when we saw they were not pursued by Ingees, or walking steeples, as giants must be, but a comical species of natives of the shape of Turkeys, only much bigger; as big as milk creetres, with one leg. The sight was most 'larming,

when they drew near to where the boat was lying, high and dry, for we then saw that them birds had bills as long as a 'pottecary's, and that at the end was a circularity as large as a frying-pan.

Mr M'Farlane, on reaching the boat, with the other men, stood 'ghast for a moment, and then all hands, arming themselves with the oars, faced the fowls in a 'fensive and 'tumacious manner; at the same time we beheld a dreadful splutter about the boat, and presently some sort of creetres that had rested in her in their absence, made a terrible to-do in running and scattering themselves into the water. This was very mystical, and I was out in my reckoning; for while the mate and the men were standing cap-a-pie, with oars in their hands to 'fend themselves, lest the frying-pan bills should gobble them up, the creetres came within ten yards of them, and looked at them, not, you may be sure, with eyes of pity.

After some time, I saw the mate hold out his hand very politely towards one of them, and by and by he patted it on the head, which showed that they had an instinct for familiarity. Then the oars were laid down, and the men turned to the boat; but presently

we discerned by their 'flections, that the honeymills which had taken possession of the boat, had eaten up nearly all the prog left in her.

By this time I need not tell the 'credulous reader that we had, on board the ship, got the other boat lowered down and manned—so with her I went myself to see what was a-doing with them 'normous poultry on the shore. Mr M'Farlane seeing us coming, shouted aloud, and you might have 'tected that the half of his cry was made up of laughter, which was good cheer; indeed there could be no doubt that we had 'scovered the land of Terra 'Cognity, for there was not in it a 'dividual thing like them of the Old World.

"Captain," said Mr M'Farlane, as I landed, "the first oracle we met with as we came on shore, was a large flock of salt-water frogs, and they must have been bull-frogs too, sitting conversing on the shore. By Jupiter! they were as big as turtles! We thought to catch some of them by braining them, to make specimens, but they jumped away into the deep water. Then we went up the country. Such a

country! If I had it near the London Docks in Wapping, it would be a fortune. It is all of the most fertile nature. The daisies are as big as tea-saucers, and the yellow knob in the middle is like half an orange; but it is not big daisies that make good land, but something else. As, however, we went along, we came to a cliff that was either crystal or ice; to make sure which, I resolved to taste it, when them there crippling fowls hove in sight, which made us take to our heels, and they pursued us, although they have, as you see, but one leg, no toes at all, and a shank like an upright marlinspike, with which they hop along in the most lampagious manner. As for their frying-pan 'bosces, they are more wonderful than their marlinspike legs, for if you hold out your hand to them, they lift a thing like the lid of a copper, and receive their meat, as it were, in a snuff-box, in the most rational manner."

With that, Mr M'Farlane held out his finger to one of them, which was slily winking near him, and sure enough, like a pot-lid, up flew the cover of the round end of its bill, and then there appeared in the inside something like a tongue of a pimple shape,

and round about it a 'rcumbendibus of teeth. Mr M'Farlane, pleased with the confidential bird, put in his finger, and instantly the lid closed, and he gave a loud shriek of anguish, not being able to withdraw his hand from the 'rifice; but it was, after all, a roguish bird, and had a relish for jocularity, for in the same moment that it snapped the mate's finger, it gave a cunning wink to the other sailors, which set them all a-laughing, a piece of extravagance that Mr M'Farlane could not abide. However, the creetre, or as one of the sailors called it, the M'Farlane chicken, 'pectorated his finger, thereby showing that it was a very good-natured quadruped.

Mr M'Farlane then said that it would be as good as a whale to catch one of them, and carry it on board the ship, for a show to London; but the birds, as if they understood English, all ran away, polling along as cleverly as cripples with a stilt, and we were obliged to come off to the ship that afternoon, without having obtained any sort of 'testification of the fact that we had been on the Southern Continent.

After going on board, Mr M'Farlane and I had a glass of grog, and some good talk about Terra 'Cog-

nity, resolving next morning to weigh anchor and 'splore the inlet, being convinced by the brackish taste of the water, that we had anchored the ship in the frith of a navigable river. Then the mate wrote out his log, stating the particulars of what he had seen in the course of the day, and the watch being set, we turned in for the night.

Next morning all hands were as merry as cock-roaches for 'scoveries, and the anchor was soon raised; but when it was about a fathom or so of coming out of the water, we felt something tug at it, and all the ship shudder again. Presently, as if the anchor had been a hook in the nose of a leviathan, the ship was dragged by some unknown fish at such a rate up the gulf, that a ninny would not have thought of setting a stitch of sail. How far the monster pulled us along, it is not for me to aver; but if it was not 20 leagues, there can be no doubt of its having been at least a long way.

At this juncture, the fish, for I suppose it was of that gender, which had us in tow, somehow got clear of the anchor, probably by hawking it out of its throat; but not to dwell on 'portant partic'lars,

the ship, which was then going thro' the water like a bird in the air, lay to, smack! as if the breeze had had suddenly snapped, but nothing was so handsome as the land about where this happened, and we saw ourselves in a spacious river, the water of which was as fresh as any creek in Connecticut; indeed, I never saw such a conciliatory country, for as we were looking about on the landscape, we saw a number of blue birds sitting on the trees, holding a talk, parrot-fashion, concerning our ship, which, considering all things, it could not be 'pected that they could think was any other than a creetre of the element.

When we had moored the vessel, I had a 'sulta-tion with Mr M'Farlane, concerning the Southern Continent, into the heart of which we had come, because my orders were to fish for seals and whales, and did not contain a syllable about Continental affairs. To this Mr M'Farlane made a very cogent remark—namely, how could we help 'scovering another world, lying, as it did, in our way; adding, that it was clear by the fact, that we were not in a course for falling in with either seals or whales, and yet we had steered a south-west course.

From this very solid remark of the mate's, my scruples were much shaken, for as Mr M'Farlane farther justly 'served, it was not every day that the steadiest seman 'scovered a Continent. Thus, it came to pass, that we 'solved to 'splorify the country. Accordingly, we landed on the banks of the Arrow-chur, as Mr M'Farlane called the river, in compliment to the M'Farlane land in Scotland; but after searching some time, beating every bush, we saw it would be tedious work to 'spect the whole Continent in this partic'lar manner, so we agreed that at first we should only look at specialties, but the whole of the first day we met with nothing to make a gossip ask for a drink at a christening. So, in the evening, we sat down on a bank, where we calculated to spend the night, for it was a first quality place; the grass was short, and as there was much driftwood in the river at hand, we 'solved to make a fire.

About an hour after sun-down, we had collected enough of the drift-wood to serve for the night. Not being botanists, for we had come a-whaling, and not on a scientific purpose, none of us knew that the drift-

wood was not common drift-wood, but our 'literate ignorance was soon corrected.

At first Mr M'Farlane thought it but right to kindle a temperance fire, which he did with small pieces;—sometimes, to be sure,a bit was now and then rather lively with its crackling, but upon the whole, it burned very 'thodically. Among the wood, however, which we had gathered, were several large pieces, and when the fire began to be mature, Mr M'Farlane laid one of them on, just as a man would place a stick on a common fire. Scarcely, however, was it well warmed, when it began to twist about, and to put itself into such postures, that we all thought it was not a stick, but some living kind of shapeless snake; and we were all, in consequence, much 'fraid.

Mr M'Farlane was the first who recovered his senses, and with another stick of the same kind, he turned over the piece he had laid upon the fire, but no sooner had he done so, than the uneasy stick became 'gnited, and with the 'nergy of a squib, flew at his bosom and left side, meandering like a

fiery serpent, till in one of its whirlings it sprung into the river, and was 'stinguished.

This odd 'currence made us all very 'ivacious, shouting with glee, and laughing loud—only Mr M'Farlane justly 'marked, that he had never seen any firewood half so sprightly before, even when brightly blazing.

Saving the fire-wood 'sploit, we met with no adventures that night, which we passed in a benign manner, but well do I remember it was such a night as would have made the most starry of our northern nocturnals blush. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the great river on whose green banks we were slumbering, rippled along with a pleasing singing sound, that seemed almost musical; and not far off, a large bird, like a milk-white dove, perched itself on a tree, performed the part of a nightingale, so mellowly that the very planets in the still blue sky refrained twinkling their eyelids to listen. The mate gave it a pretty name, calling it "the Damsel."

At last the dawn began to turn the heavens into morning, and having shaken ourselves we proceeded,

as the dawn brightened, along the banks of the river; the broom-looking trees 'ecame rarer as we 'vanced, and here and there we saw a kind somewhat like large gooseberry bushes, the fruit on which were as big as New Town pippins. But there was no vestige of man; the only citizens we met with were birds of the air, and they were not at all like civilized birds, 'ticularly a kind that seemed a cross breed between the kangaroo and the penguin, only they were web-footed, and, besides wings, had short alligator fore-legs, and walked upright.

At first, these and all the birds we fell in with seemed very 'nocent and docile, but they soon gave us to understand that they had tempers of their own; for Mr M'Farlane, triumphing with the thought that all the land was his own, went towards one of those birds, and began to make free with it.

For some time they relished his kindness, and looked as pleased as a nigger wench with a glass of cherry bounce in her hand; but presently he, not knowing what he did, attempted to tickle it. My eye! what a passion it flew into! It struck the poor mate with its short stumpy fore-paws—he ran—it

chased—something tripped him up—he fell forward —it got on his back, and dabbled him like 'speration—he rose with difficulty, and facing round, gave it a punch in the stomach, which made it stagger backwards. In a moment, however, it rallied, and being by this time furious, rushed to the charge, and so plied its web-footed fore-feet, that, though at first every one was like to split with laughter, the fowl became so victorious, that we were obliged to 'terfere, and Mr M'Farlane was found so handled that he wept like a maiden, declaring that he would not go further into a country infested with such vipers, though every hill were a precious stone. We tried to persuade him, but he was as 'stinate as cast metal, and all hands were in the end obliged to return to the ship and resume our natural whaling. But that we had seen the Great Southern Continent, not one of us who was there doubted; indeed, for many a day after, Mr M'Farlane's left cheek bore marks of several scratches of the most 'tentous 'scription, received in his conflict with the bird, never afterwards speaking of the creetre by any other name than "The Randy."

A SONG,

To the hearty tune of "The London Beggar."

THE rose it is blushing,
The lily looks pale,
But smiles of a true love
Unfold a glad tale.
And a wooing we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
And a wooing we will go.

'Tis of a fond passion
The rose never knew,
And tears of the lily
At best are but dew.
And a wooing we will go, &c.

The summer is jocund,
The sunshine is bright,
And stars, as we travel,
Are friends in the night.
And a wooing we will go, &c.

But summer and sunshine,
And stars in the skies,
Are dull to the spirit
That beams in her eyes.
And a wooing we will go, &c.

IMPULSE AND MOTIVE.

Words! words! words!—SHAKSPEARE.

SOMETIMES I think the English are not very correct theoretical metaphysicians. Their Locke wrote a book about what nobody doubted, and which has still a very high unread reputation. Had he thought for a moment that we could not be born into the world with the ideas of things of the world, he would have seen at once the uselessness of all his acumen. The attempt can only be regarded as an ingenious endeavour to prove the non-existence of nothing.

But the essay on the Human Understanding displays extraordinary powers of mind; and because it does so, it is therefore imagined that it must be a superior work. Who, however, reads it? It is found, no doubt, in every well-furnished library; even in the gayest, there are no books of more unsullied gilding than Locke's Works. It has been now long,

however, asleep, and is rolling with easy wheels into oblivion.

I am the more glad of this, as I think the metaphysical lore of Locke has been the parent of a rickety philosophy. I do not, however, dispute his talent, but its application; he was, undoubtedly, a man of a cogitative genius, but it is no uncommon thing for men of that stamp to be thriftless.

Of all the errors, however, which I impute to the reflections of that great man, is the unsatisfactory state in which he has left us to grope in matters connected with the doctrine of necessity; in so much that I am disposed to think, when I happen to be on good terms with myself, that he really did not know very clearly what he was writing about; at least he seems almost entirely to have forgotten that man is as much a creature of impulses as of motives, by supposing that the one, more than the other, has to do with innate ideas. He might just as well have imagined that the magnet moved towards iron in consequence of volition, or the leaden bullet shot out of a pistol could have no effect on an Irishman, or any other of God's creatures. The bullet takes effect, so shot; and

man is an animal which is both drawn and propelled—both a thing of impulses and of motives; and experience of myself leads me to suspect, that as the power of impulse or of motive predominates, the patient belongs either to the active class by whom the world is modified, the instruments of Providence, or to that other class who form the passive stratum of society. Impulse is, as it were, an element equivalent to that quality which urges things on; motive draws things after. The effects are similar, but the agents act differently.

Now, although this cannot be doubted, I am not sure if its existence as a truth has ever been properly noticed, or the insight it is calculated to afford of the system of Providence, or of the difference to which it may guide us in our estimate of the effects of actions on society.

Motives clearly imply choice, and a man may be held responsible for the effects of motives which he chooses to allow to actuate his conduct; but the case is different with impulses. He has no choice—he must go on as the impulse directs him, and, in consequence,

ought not to be held responsible for the effects of actions that he cannot choose but perform.

We see every day around us men who are influenced by impulses which they cannot control, who are driven into new circumstances by what is called good or bad luck, without any exercise of their own faculties, nay, often against the conclusions of their understandings; and others, who are equally subject to the dictates of reason. With the one, the propulsion of impulse predominates; and with the other, the attraction of motives. Indeed, without motives, we cannot see the use of fear in the moral world; and if there be not impulse, what is the use of passion?

Men who are swayed by impulse more than motive, seem to be those who are ordained to accomplish change in the system of the world; and those who, in like manner, obey motive more than impulse, seem to be conservatives. The latter appreciate the value of what exists, the former call new things into existence.

Besides, is it not an atheistical doctrine to imagine that there is not such a power in the moral world as that of impulse? How, indeed, could there have been

a first moral or physical motion without an impulse? and does not, therefore, the acknowledgment of impulse imply a belief in the existence of a first cause?

It may, however, be said, that the acknowledgment of the power of motives, or of the power of impulse, is enough—we do not require both; but this is not just. In the physical operations of the universe, there must have been impulse given; and the very law of attraction shows, if there did not exist the countervailing power of impulse, that all things, with accelerated forces, would be drawn into one mass. On the contrary, we everywhere see impulse, like a wedge, inserting itself among the atoms of things, as if it were *that* something which keeps every thing progressive, and which makes the minutest particle the seed of the greatest production. Who can tell what glorious creature may hereafter be developed from the intermingled materials of the vilest vermin; just as the worms of the grave spring from the remains of man, and the maggots that have their being in his organization?

We are finite, the universe is infinite, and therefore we can only comprehend or understand a part of

it; and yet with a hankering to make ourselves gods, like the builders of Babel, we class all things under one general head for each kind, while we see that Nature deals only with individuals. Linnæus, in attempting his classifications, made an art, not a science; forgetting, that if there could be two things exactly alike in nature, there would be necessarily an end of infinitude. Much erroneous reasoning with respect to the laws of nature, as they are called, arises from thinking she regulates herself by general laws. She recognises no such thing—she makes every apparently similar leaf different; and, in consequence, for every one she has a different law. The difference may not be great, but still it is a difference; and therefore the inference deducible from this is, according to nature, that although man is under the influence of motives and impulses, yet every man is under his own particular class of rules; and that what we apply to the species, is only deduced as applicable to them, because of some general resemblance which induces us to overlook the individuality. In a word, though mankind may be divided into creatures of impulse and of motive, they are, each and all, under some law, different in every individual.

THE TRYSTED LOVER.

To the tune of "The Boatman."

"But when my Peggy sings with sweeter skill,
The 'Boatman,' or the 'Lass of Patie's Mill.'"
The Gentle Shepherd.

OH, sweetly breathes the summer rose,
When evening gales are sighing,
And dewy daisies droop and close,
And kindling stars are vying!
But fragrant flowers, in twilight hours,
When stars their lights uncover,
Ne'er charm'd to flight the weary night,
That held a faithful lover.

Oh Time, why art thou tedious still?
Run as the stream is flowing—
For yet behind the eastern hill
The lingering moon is glowing.
Speed thee, dull light, and banish night,
That makes my true-love tarry—
I hear a stir—ah, it is her—
My Mary—oh, my Mary!

EDINBURGH, *July* 19, 1834.

THE

HISTORY OF BILLS OF EXCHANGE.

THE earliest account that I have met with of bills of exchange, is in the year 1189, when the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa confirmed a charter of privileges to the city of Hamburg, and, among others, gave the inhabitants liberty to negotiate money by exchange,—a privilege which shows that Hamburgh must then have been a considerable place of trade, because bills of exchange were then very new in Europe, and only used in the most considerable commercial cities. When they were invented is not precisely known, but in 1229, it is said that the Ghibelines, when driven out of Italy by the Guelphs, and settled at Amsterdam, were the inventors of re-exchange on bills of exchange, on account of the damage and charges to which they were put, and the interest of protested bills which had been given to them for effects they had been obliged to leave in Italy.

In the year 1307, King Edward I. of England appears to have understood the machinery of bills of exchange, in one sense, exceedingly well. The Pope, by his nuncio at that time, had collected much money in England, but the king laid his injunctions on him, that neither the English coin nor silver in plate nor in bullion should be carried out of the kingdom to his Holiness, but that the sums raised should be delivered to merchants in England, to be remitted to the Pope by way of exchange. In a commercial point of view, the king's prohibition made, however, no important difference; but the incident shows that trafficking by bills of exchange was then well known. In the observations which Anderson in his "History of Commerce" makes on this point I do not entirely agree, for he has neglected to state what the rate of exchange was; and we are not sure whether the measure enforced by the king was or was not profitable to the country. It is quite evident, that if a rate of exchange was deducted from the amount to be remitted to Rome, the king's measure was nationally a very good one, and that it saved so much money from being taken out of the country.

In 1381, an act of Parliament was passed, by which it was made lawful, "that no merchants, nor any others whatever, shall carry or send any gold or silver in money, bullion, plate, or vessels, neither by exchanges to be made, nor in other manner, but they shall only make exchanges in England of those payments alone, and that by good and sufficient merchants, to be paid beyond the seas, after first obtaining special license of the king, as well for the exchangers as the persons that ought to make the payments, and specifying the sums to be exchanged." What particular motive induced the enactment of this law, is not now easily ascertained, but it would seem that it had for its object the exportation of English staples, to prevent money and the precious metals from being sent out of the country.

In 1698, it was enacted, that all bills of exchange drawn in England, for five pounds or upwards, to any other place in England, and payable at a certain number of days, weeks, or months, after date, should, from and after presentation and acceptance, which acceptance shall be "by the underwriting the same under the party's hand so accepting, and after the

expiration of three days after the said bill shall become due, the party to whom the said bill is made payable, his servant, agents, or assigns, may, and shall cause the said bill to be protested," &c.

This is, I believe, the first law by which the method of protesting inland bills of exchange was prescribed.

In 1704, by a statute of Queen Anne, promissory notes were made assignable by indorsement, and, what had hitherto been neglected, inland bills might be protested for non-acceptance. And in 1734, it was enacted, "that persons convicted of forging, altering, or counterfeiting the acceptance of any bill of exchange, &c., shall suffer death as a felon."

This may be considered as completing the history of this species of voucher; for any improvements that have been made since, are more of the nature of legal addenda, than alterations which have changed the nature of the document. I do not presume to instruct lawyers on this head, but only to give merchants something like an outline of the history of Bills of Exchange.

A SONG.

THE tear on Mary's cheeks, the sigh
That heaves her gentle breast,
Betoken Love within her heart
Has fondly built a nest.

But, ah! that sigh, which, without words,
To hope of rapture speaks,—
The dewdrops on that blushing rose,
That pity on her cheeks,
Are not for me—
Are not for me!

Another claims the golden prize—
I can but fortune blame;
If she be happier with that youth,
My bliss should be the same.
Life had no charm but when I dreamt
Her happiness was mine;

But if another dearer prove,
To sorrow and repine
Is not for me—
Is not for me!

The all of life was that sweet maid;
An insect in the light,
I liv'd for her—the beam withdrawn,
I droop forlorn in night:
Why am I not content? oh! why
Still of my stars complain?
If she be happier with that youth,
Why should I feel this pain?
It cannot be—
It cannot be!

THE HISTORY OF SUGAR.

I WAS led to investigate the history of Sugar by a casual remark of the late Sir Joseph Banks one day at breakfast. I forget now how the conversation arose, but he enquired if I had met with any of the remains of the sugar-cane in Sicily, mentioning that it had been previously produced in the island of Crete, but the sugar manufactured in that island was more crystallized than ours, and was called, from the place where it was boiled, sugar of Candi, otherwise sugar Candy, and it seems to have been never prepared better there than in that form.

It is certain, however, that in the year 1148 considerable quantities of the article were produced in the island of Sicily, and the Venetians traded in it to the ports of the ocean, as well as with the sugars of Egypt, and what was brought thither from India by the Red Sea; but I have met with no evidence to support the *Essai de l'Histoire du Commerce*, in

which the author says that the Saracens brought the sugar-cane from India to Sicily.

"The ancient Greeks and Romans," says Dr William Douglas, "used honey only for sweetening." And Paulus Ægineta, who calls it cane honey, says it came originally from China, by the East Indies and Arabia, into Europe. Salmatius says, however, that it had been used in Arabia nine hundred years before. But it is certain that sugar was only used in syrups, conserves, and such like Arabian medicinal compositions, when it was first introduced into the west of Europe; but Mr Wooton, in his Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning, says that the sugar-cane was not anciently unknown, since it grows naturally in Arabia and Indostan; but so little was the old world acquainted with its delicious juice, that "some of the ablest men," says he, "doubted whether it were a dew like manna, or the juice of the plant itself." It is, however, certain, that raw sugar was used in Europe before the discovery of America. Herrera, the American historian, observes, that sugar grew formerly in Valencia, brought thither by the Moors; from thence it was transmitted to Grenada,

afterwards to the Canary islands, and lastly, to the Spanish West Indies.

About the year 1419, the Portuguese planted the island of Madeira with sugar-canes from Sicily; and Giovanni Batero, in an English translation of his book in 1606, on the Causes of the Magnificence and Grandeur of Cities, mentions the excellence of the sugar-cane of Madeira, from which it was transported to the West Indies; and there can be no doubt that Madeira was one of the first islands of the Atlantic Ocean in which this important article was earliest manufactured.

In 1503 two ships arived at Campvere, laden with sugar from the Canary Isles. As yet, it is said, no sugar-canes were produced in America, but soon they were transplanted from those islands to the Brazils.

It was about this time (1503) that the art of refining sugar was discovered by a Venetian, who is said to have realized a hundred thousand crowns by the invention. Our ancestors made use of it as it came in juice from the canes, but most commonly used honey in preference.

From the Brazils and the Canaries sugar-canes

were brought and planted in the island of Hispaniola, and in the same year sugar was brought from the Brazils into Europe. The commodity was then very dear, and only used on rare occasions, honey being till then the general ingredient for sweetening of meats and drinks.

When sugar was introduced into this country first, is doubtful; but in 1526 it was imported from St Lucar, in Spain, by certain merchants of Bristol, who brought the article which had been imported there from the Canary Islands.

In the year 1641, the sugar-cane was imported from the Brazils into Barbadoes, and being found to thrive, sugar mills were established. A Colonel James Daax, who began the cultivation with about three hundred pounds, declared that he would never return to England till he had made ten thousand a-year; and Colonel Thomas Modyford was still higher in his expectations.

It was from the island of Barbadoes that the slave trade began. The first planters finding such immense profit, induced the merchants at home to send ships with assorted cargoes for the products of the island;

but they found it impossible to manage the cultivation of sugar by white people in so hot a climate. The example of the Portuguese gave birth to the Negro slave trade, and it flourished till abolished by Act of Parliament; but in that age it was a most flourishing business, and the ports of London and Bristol had the main supply. Barbadoes, in the year 1659, attained its utmost pitch of prosperity. In a pamphlet, entitled, "Trade Revived," it is spoken of as "having given to many men of low degree, vast fortunes, equal to noblemen; that upwards of a hundred sail of ships there yearly find employment, by carrying goods and passengers thither, and bringing thence other commodities, whereby seamen are bred, and custom increased, our commodities vended, and many thousands employed therein, and in refining our sugar at home, which we formerly had from other countries."

In 1670, our sugar colonies drew the means of support from what were then our North American colonies, particularly New York, Pennsylvania, and the Jerseys; and the first time that sugar was made subject to taxation at home, was in the year 1685.

Like other merchandise, it was previously subject to a five per cent poundage.

In 1739, the importation of sugars from the West India islands was so great, that there was a relaxation of our colonial policy towards them; and they were permitted to carry their sugars directly to any part south of Cape Finisterre, without being obliged to land them first in Great Britain. From this time sugar has continued to increase, and it is needless to pursue its history farther; it was then a great article of trade, and, as an ingredient, the consumption has been continually increasing. Whether the cultivation has exceeded the wants of the commercial world, or that the new colonies have been found more fertile than the old, I cannot pretend to say; but at this moment the proprietors of the sugar estates are suffering at all hands, and their greatest calamity is not the emancipation of their slaves.

A SCOTTISH WELCOME.

And is it you, and are ye come?
Sit down, sit down in bye;
Get up and pierce the bowie, Kate,
This night we'll drink it dry.

Bid in the neebors, young and auld,
As fast as ye can ringe,
And mak a tanal on the loan,
O' a' the biggest binge.

Gie me your han', my winsome freer,
Hech, sirs, I sadly trow—
Foy, ripe the ribs frae lug to lug,
And pack the chumla fu'.

Where has the glaikit Laithron flown?
Fling on her rock an' wheel;
To hae this night sae bleert a spunk,
Gude spin her to the deil!

Come, tell's the ferlies ye have seen;
Och, but you're croint an' wan,—
But here comes Meg, the miller's wife,
And that's auld aunty Anne.

Jock Aikin too, as douce as aye,
He's now a muslin weaver;
Poor lad! his bread has sairly fail't,
And there's Rab Dock the shaver.

Come, Saunders Clerk, what gars ye scog?
Ye need tak no such fleetchings—
His dochter Bess, a sonsy lass,
Has dwin't since Anoch preachings.

Ye'll mind auld Watty Walkinshaw—
And that's Tam Eccles' sin—
This is an oe o' Effie Grant's,
They ca' her Jean M'Lean.

Come ben, Will Ker—ye see he's grown
A sturdy buirdly chiel;
He married Bell M'Kay in hairst,
And's doing unco weel.

Here's Mr Duff the elder, too,
Sam Tod, and Mall Strathern—
Hugh Nicholson, a strapping lad,
That ye left but a bairn.

And there's the Dominie, wi's black
Gamashins o'er his shoone;
His hoze are aye outo'er his breeks,
His cockit hat's no dune.

Be wi' us a', the worthy saint!
We'll seat him neest yoursell,—
The very minister is come,
Altho' the night be snell.

Ay, that's the gree, my canty Kate,
To fetch blin' fiddler Tam;
Cock up the bodie in the nook,
And help about the dram.

The weest wean the Clachan owns,
Shall keep the night in fame,
When he that was so far awa',
Return'd to bide at hame.

August, 1804.

POOR ADOLPH.

A SENTIMENTAL TALE.

NEAR the little silvan town of La Ville, Mon. Filpon resided with Matilda his daughter. He had come with her in the year 1750, when she was a girl of some eight or nine years old. They were then in mourning for his wife, and they lived in great seclusion; but he was an amiable man, though he kept himself much aloof, being addicted to his books, and absorbed in the contemplation of some hypothetical science.

At La Ville we heard the simple tale which we are about to relate. A venerable old man guided us to what had been their habitation, as if to show us a sight that should be memorable, for all the villagers were interested in the story, and deemed it could be no less affecting to every body else.

The house was distant from La Ville only a short walk, and situated within the wood of Verennes, but

the spot was nevertheless delightfully cheerful. The time was a summer afternoon, and the trees, softly stirred by the breathing air, twinkled their leaves goldenly in the sunshine. All around was tranquillity, and four or five cows lay ruminating on the green, as if they reflected on philosophical theories, while from a prattling brook that ran merrily in the hollow, a trout now and then glittered as it leaped seemingly in ecstasy.

In a corner of a little vineyard stood the cottage. The door and window cheeks were uncommonly neat and trimly whitened; round the bottom of the chimney stack several pert sparrows were gallanting and chirping, and the russet roof was as if it had been reared by the mystical swallows, that had built their own jutting domiciles under the eaves; but the picture of repose which the scene presented would perhaps have been incomplete, had not a damsel come singing from among the trees, with a bright pitcher on her head, filled with cool delicious water, brought from a woodland spring. She gaily placed it on the ground to look at us, as we sauntered on the green, and seemed to enjoy something like a compliment,

by the pleasure with which she lifted the pitcher and held it to my lips with a smile, when I asked her for a drink. But to return to Mon. Filpon.

Nothing was known of him in the village, but only that he had come from Lille, where he had been a bookseller, much esteemed for his simplicity and worth, and celebrated for the curious volumes that he occasionally offered for sale, for he dealt chiefly in the vellum-bound tomes of alchymy, and the hieroglyphical lore of the Teutonic astrologers. It was an opinion among the common people that he had very nearly discovered the hidden art of making gold, and the friars of St Mary's praised the abstemious sequestration of his blameless life. The curé of La Ville told me, however, that he was an inexplicable man, pursuing his investigations with the assiduity of a professor.

I was much struck at the time with the object of Mon. Filpon's studies, for I had never before heard that philosophers ever puzzled themselves about the size of material things, nor of the science, as the curé called it, of possible magnitudes, much as I had been told of the infinite divisibility of mat-

ter. But although I could not at once accede to his dogmas, I have yet since become rather inclined to believe, that if matter be infinitely divisible, there can be no reason to deny to it immensity of size; nor that there may be within the realms of boundless space a globe, yea, numberless globes, so vast that the earth which we inhabit would be on them no greater than as a grain of sand—as an arid particle of the deserts of Arabia and Africa, of which millions are disturbed at every tread by the cushion-footed camel. But this is not the place to mathematically examine the transcendental doctrines of Mon. Filpon.

A short time before he came to La Ville he had lost his wife, the mother of Matilda, a pale and patient woman, who was never obstreperous but when she called her poultry to pick, and even then her voice was melodious with benevolence. After her death he invited her nurse, Terese, to take charge of his house and daughter, in order that he might pursue his researches unmolested by paternal or domestic cares. But Terese had only been installed a few days, when an English Milord came into his shop,

and bought all his books, for which he paid him a sum that, in his own estimation, made him rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Indeed, it is well known on the continent, that there are no such buyers as Englishmen; especially those who deal in old books, and images that might cogitate if they had only heads.

Soon after this godsend, Mon. Filpon being thereby a rich man, left Lille with his daughter, and came to La Ville, where he hired the cottage of Belle Maison, which we have described, confiding to Terese the disposal of his paralytic chattels, directing her to follow him, for no business of the earth was now worthy of his care, compared with his highly useful studies.

When ensconced in the cottage, and the old woman had arrived, he abandoned himself to erudition; so that Terese, who loved gossiping as a cordial, was allowed to do with Matilda and her leisure as she pleased. Thus it happened, that she was often seen with the pensive girl at her side, going towards La Ville, where she had become acquainted with certain talkative old ladies, who loved to discourse concern-

ing skeins of silk and lace from Valenciennes, topics which, to old Terese, were as necessaries of life.

When five years had been spent in this pastime, it happened that Terese and Matilda, in one of their diurnal pedestrations, were overtaken with a shower, which all the farmers in the country had been upwards of a week praying for, and were in consequence obliged to make what haste they could to save their bonnets, by running to a neighbouring shed for shelter, where a stripling stood counting the raindrops, or seeming to do so, a task equally important.

Between him and Matilda the fluid of animal magnetism reciprocally soon played visibly in their eyes, and Fate had business in the crisis. Adolph had, till that time, never seen a flower so fair; and Matilda was informed by Terese, that he looked like what a good husband should do, while her own modest heart testified by flutters, that he was a handsome young man.

Thus their acquaintance began, and had not become old, when a cuckoo told Adolph one afternoon, as he was meditating alone, that he would be an unlucky married man, which alarmed him so much

that he went immediately to Lille, and enlisted in a regiment destined for the West Indies.

On the same day Mon. Filpon was seized with a fever, which carried him, on the fifth day, to Abraham's bosom—if philosophers consent to go there—and before the interment, Adolph was in Dunkirk to be embarked for his destination, so that at least a tedious week passed ere the gentle Matilda could decently enquire what had become of him. But misfortunes never come singly, and she was destined to taste the bitter of life. The aged Terese, so socially garrulous, was suddenly smitten with a dumb palsy, and could only babble a jargon quite shocking to hear, insomuch, that the sweet-tempered Matilda had no other alternative but to take up her abode in Lille, in a convent, where thirteen sisters of charity resided.

It was not her intention to become a nun, for she thought of Adolph, and sighed, wondering what disaster could have made him a soldier; but her regrets were tempered with quietude, for she was of a mild nature, innocent as the lily, and timid as the lark. She, however, waited, and expected, she knew not what; but Time, though his chariot was on slow

wheels, and his course smooth, proceeded on in his journey. At last one of the thirteen sisters lay down to die, and closed her eyes in a most resigned manner, leaving the other twelve with white handkerchiefs weeping round her bed, besides Mademoiselle Filpon, and two boarders.

While the extreme unction was administering, the maternal sister chanced to glance her pious eyes on our heroine, and it instantly occurred to her, as inspiration, that Matilda would make a nice nun, to succeed the sister, who, by the by, departed this life while the ceremony was performing. Accordingly, when the host and consecrated paraphernalia were withdrawn, she spoke to Matilda, and urged so effectually her persuasion, that finally Mademoiselle became a novice, and ultimately an exemplary sister, distinguished not only for the meek paleness of her countenance, but the pathos of her mild blue eyes, which could only be properly described as visible prayers.

There was, however, a cast of peculiar humanity in her charity. She was not conspicuous for her attentions to sick ladies; in fact, she eschewed them, as if

they had been really troublesome, preferring to carry her merciful ministrations to the hospitals of the garrison, where she was often heard to exclaim, when any of her patients died, which they sometimes did,—"Poor Adolph!" What was the unuttered remainder of the thought in her compassionate bosom, nobody ever ascertained; but so uniformly did she exclaim, "Poor Adolph!" as she left the bedside of a dying patient, that it at last became a common saying in the military hospital of Lille, when a soldier was irrecoverable, that he was a "poor Adolph."

It is well known that the way of life which the sisters of charity pass, would be, to even very reasonable young ladies, tediously dull, notwithstanding the conscious beneficence of their actions, and the glasses of wine with which their fortitude is supported.

Day after day, and month after month, and year after year, rolled away with Matilda in the monotony of duty, and the sad expression of "Poor Adolph!" so that she reached that stage of existence which is better known than described.

At this time a regiment which had been quartered at Brest, after having returned from Martinique, was

marched into the garrison of Lille. Many years had gone by since Adolph had sailed a soldier in the same corps. In all that long period, Matilda had never heard of him, nor indeed would it have been comely in a sister of charity to have made any enquiry concerning a handsome young man, for, except to the ails of humanity, exclusively for the hope hereafter of receiving a manifold reward, it is not the usage of the amiable members of the sisterhood to allow themselves to think of young men.

But although our demure, mild, and methodical heroine, was strict in the observance of all the rules of the order to which she belonged, there was, nevertheless, a little earthly sediment at the bottom of the celestial purity of her bosom; and her pathetic interjection of "Poor Adolph!" as she left the couch of the dying soldiers, was not mere words of course, the chime of habitude, as many supposed, but the expression of an indescribable sorrow mingled with recollection, a sweetness of the memory, like the aroma that haunts the vase where the rose has been, insomuch, that in spite of herself, a sentiment, pleasing as perfume, often visited her soft affections during the many

years in which Adolph was forgotten by all others but his mother, who never ceased to wonder what witchery had induced him to become so suddenly a soldier.

After the regiment had been several months in Lille, a messenger came from the hospital to the nunnery, requesting a sister might be sent to attend one of the men afflicted with a consuming malady, which had at last mastered his strength; and Matilda, not having at the time any particular engagement, for the season was unusually healthy, went with the messenger to alleviate, if possible, the sufferings of the invalid.

In going towards the hospital, the messenger, of his own accord—for the French, it is well known, are very talkative, and will speak their language as fluently to you as if they were quite intelligible—informed her that the soldier was a good man, though as taciturn as a cannon, save occasionally; but that it was the opinion of his comrades he was sometimes not altogether in his sober senses, for he often spent his time in solitary promenades, and frequently, when he believed himself unheard, lay stretched on the glacis, and uttered "Matilda!" in such a tone, that, as the man said, had he not been a veteran, it might have been

thought he was a raw recruit, touched with the tender passion.

I need not say that the sister of charity heard this story with great emotion, for she exclaimed as fervently as a vestal durst do with propriety,—" Poor Adolph !"

" Why," said the man, " Adolph is his name.—How did you know that ?"

The sister of charity made an evasive reply, but it was not observed, for at that juncture they reached the door of the hospital, and were challenged by the sentinel.

Matilda then went straight to the ward where the reported lay, and the messenger proceeded on some other duty.

Matilda was conducted to the bedside of the invalid; however, on looking at him, she saw, as she thought, that it could not be the brisk and blooming stripling she had formerly known. To be sure, many years had passed since that time, and the climate of Martinique is not famous for beautifying the complexion. Moreover, she did not happen to recollect the interval which had been melted into oblivion since

her Adolph had gone in quest of glory, and to burnish bayonets, which no soldier durst ever neglect to do. It is, indeed, a part of duty that comes round much oftener than fighting, which, to a sensitive heart, is a most disagreeable thing.

Instead of the ruddy jocund youth, whose image memory had placed in her most distinguished niche, Matilda beheld on the couch a gaunt and sallow veteran, emaciated with disease, his teeth fearfully protruding, thereby indicating that he was a "poor Adolph," with a voice ominous and sepulchral.

After she had administered some reviving cordial, she piously warned him that he ought to send for a confessor, as no doubt, having been a soldier, he could not but have much to answer for, and possibly he might be called away before he had time to make his shrift.

He assured her, that although he had been a soldier, and had been long in the West Indies, where morals are not the best, yet he had lived a very innocent life, and was quite prepared to die. "What is, indeed, in this world," said he, "that I should sigh for length of days? The happiness of my youth was.

blighted, and I have since but breathed rather than lived. My heart was entirely possessed with one lovely image, and losing the reality, of which it was the shadow, I have been the most unfortunate of mortals."

Matilda was deeply affected to hear him speak thus, and unconsciously exclaimed, "Poor Adolph!"

"In a rash moment," said he, "as I was going from the Belle Maison to La Ville, a calumnious bird hooted me from a bough, for I had then resolved to solicit the hand of Matilda, and the sound so tingled in my ears, that I went that very day to Lille, and became a soldier."

The sister of charity sat amazed. She looked at the dying man. She could trace no likeness to the brisk stripling she had loved in her youth, but the words Matilda, and Belle Maison, and La Ville, were familiar to her bosom, and but little explanation was requisite to convince her, that the "poor Adolph," who lay panting before her, was no other than the same whom her virgin fancy had enshrined in her constant heart.

After they had confessed to each other with mu-

tual tears, and the earnest simplicity, characteristic of them both, their secretly cherished fondness, the dying soldier, forgetting his condition, made an effort to embrace her, but in the act he drew his last breath, and fell on her shoulder a dead man.

THE HERMIT PETER.

PREFACE.

THE little volume of Poems which the Author published after his Autobiography, contained three books of the poetical tale of the Hermit Peter. They were all that had been then written, save a few scraps which are interwoven in their proper place. He had no intention, at the time, of proceeding farther with the work. The opinion, however, of several friends, in whose taste he has confidence, and the favour with which they were noticed by some of the critics, induced him to resume the composition, after it had been twenty years suspended. The two following Books complete the undertaking.

It cannot add any merit to the poem to mention that they were dictated in a state if not of blindness, at least when the eyes of the Author were very ineffectual, and that they were chiefly composed in bed,—circumstances which should mitigate the severity of criticism. They were the pastime of infirmity, when the limbs were felt to be too heavy for the will, and when weakness compelled him to acknowledge the presence of disease, sharpening mental suffering.

EDINBURGH, 12*th July*, 1834.

THE HERMIT PETER.

BOOK IV.

But the high mood of martyrdom and faith
Was not in all: amidst that multitude
There was a man, stern and mysterious,
Whom many woes had spited with his kind,
And he did hate the universal race
With the revengeful ardour of a foe.
None knew his country, but the name he bore
Was Argentless,[1] and his dark sullen mien
Show'd faded habitudes of state and power,
Beneath the mask of sordid beggary;
Yet he was rich beyond the utmost greed
Of grasping avarice; and it was told
How he that coveted rare art possess'd
Which turns the baser metals into gold.

Few were the treasures by himself dispensed,
Yet were his gifts malign—with curse they came,

[1] Peter the Penniless.

And it was noted that his hand, unblest,
Gave not in charity to needful worth,
To pale distress, that shrinks to speak of woe,
Nor young endeavour that but wants a friend—
He gave to spendthrifts, and the fated rash
Whom Nature, with maternal arms, restrains.

Calm was his visage—no man witness'd there
The flush of passion, nor from his still eye
The glance of any mood, save the fix'd beam
Of a fell spirit, that in its dread course
Moved onward, reckless of all overthrow.

Solemn and low, still in his measured speech
The ear heard more than the soft tongue express'd;
And doubt and awe, when he was kindest, woke
Strange fear, as if some guardian angel then
Whisper'd, "Beware!" When Argentless beheld
The crowd transmuted from ignoble rage
To holiest zeal, with eager steps he through
The clustering throng on to the portal press'd;
And as the Hermit from his mother turn'd,
Blessing and blest, knelt at his feet the first

Who claim'd the badge and symbols of the war.
The Hermit started, and awhile survey'd
With scorn the mystic stranger; then exclaim'd,
"What daring demon prompts thee in this hour
To try thy frauds on me? Hence, and repent!"

Abash'd, detected, from his searching glance
The sullen Argentless shrunk cowering, and,
As a sea-mark, the crowd shunn'd him, afraid;
But soon his visage reassumed its calm,
And motionless, unheeding all, he stood
With downcast looks, till from the portal led
Th' attended Hermit meekly had retired,
And to their homes the multitude dispersed.

Then, unobserved, came ruthless Argentless,
His vengeful spirit that lay coil'd unknown,
Unfolding rear'd itself, and writh'd with rage,
Malignant, fierce. Save in his lurid eyes
That sparkled cruelty, no outward sign
Of the roused hell in his remorseless breast
Betray'd his purpose, ever to himself,
Like burning torment dropp'd into a wound.

He knelt, and swore, with clenched hands upraised,
Never to quit the Hermit's fated service,
Till he had brought the victims of his zeal
Into some jeopardy, as deep and dire
As that red gulf wherein the Egyptian king
Perish'd of old with all his chivalry.
The skies grew grim at his perturbed vow,
Rash lightning leapt, and pond'rous thunder roll'd,
As if his anger hurl'd the rattling peal,
While hail and fire in frantic omen fell.

Undaunted Argentless smiled at the storm,
Pleased with its advocacy, and for shelter
Craved wild admittance, where apart, sublime,
The Hermit sat, who with stern kindling eyes
Beheld him enter, and rebuk'd his boldness.

The enfeoffted demon in the bad man's breast,
Saw, in the mind-beam of the Hermit's look,
A searching ray of that all-sighted light
Amidst the brightness of high heaven insphered,
And grasping, clung to the doom'd heart possess'd.
To ban him from his cause the saint arose,

And all around hush'd and expectant stood,
As when the breathless multitude prepares
To see the axe upon the guilty fall.

The conscious misanthrope again shrunk back—
At his retreat a rustling noise arose,
Dreader than riots of the woods or waves,
Or than the silence of the untrodden waste.
"Know ye that man?" the solemn Godscall[1] cried.
With falt'ring accents, and mysterious sadness,
The Hermit answer'd—"Yes, I first beheld him
When in my pilgrimage I paced forlorn
The shipless shores and lone funereal wastes,
Where mould'ring lies the skeleton of Greece.
It chanced one evening, from the hov'ring skies,
I sought the lee-side of an ancient temple,
Whose old magnificence was crush'd and scatter'd.
The storm had blown the beacon from the mole,
And wrecks and seamen's corses strew'd the shore;
Along the sounding strand, with helpless wail,
Wringing their hands, their hair dishevell'd flying,

[1] A monk in the first crusade.

The wretched women echoed to the cries
Of drowning men beyond the reach of aid.
The bells rung wildly, and the monks with torches
Mingling their requiems with the booming winds,
Brought down their sacred relics to the sea,
That would not be appeas'd, but louder rag'd,
As if in bedlam mockery of their faith,—
So wildly did the demons of the air
Rule in that dismal night. For refuge I
Crept to the vaults beneath the gorgeous ruin;
There I beheld him leaning o'er a fire
Which he had kindled with the wave-bleach'd splinters
Of founder'd barks, and bones,—they seem'd of men.
The flames that flar'd in his tempestuous eyes
Show'd he was wrapt in fierce imaginings.
His garb and mien proclaim'd he was a soldier,
But the proud plume upon his helm was faded.
I would have marr'd his musing, but he broke
Into such frenzied blasphemy of man,
That I fled shuddering to the storm for shelter."

The preacher paus'd; and from the dismal tale
An audible response of hearts was heard,

Like those dread echoes in the Alpine hills,
Which the bold traveller in his daring hears
Throb in their crystal caves, and holds his breath.

Meanwhile the storm had in its rage abated,
And frequent from her window in the cloud
Look'd out the moon, and often smiling, told
The shelt'ring pilgrim and the ling'ring guest
They might go forth. What time the solemn bell
Warn'd the enthusiast list'ners to their homes,
All were departed of that pious throng—
Save the fond mother and her zealous son,
None else remain'd: awhile they silent sat,
She gazing on him, tracing one by one
Each infant grace that beam'd still on her heart,
Till she forgot the faded lapse of time,
And caught him fondly, crying, " Oh! my child!"

He chid her care, yet gently took her hand,
As she oft doubted of his great design,
And urg'd him long with many a look of love
To stray no more, but shelter in her care.

Soon the scene chang'd—a loud fanatic shout
Rose in the streets—thick hurrying feet were heard
With tread and trampling; and the Hermit rose,
With eager hand furling the lattice screen,
To ask what tumult in that hour so still
Awoke the peaceful night: amaz'd, he saw
A gorgeous banner with the cross emblazon'd,
High streaming to the moon, and Argentless,
In knightly panoply, with truncheon'd grasp,
Like a skill'd captain marshalling the throng.

Indignant at the sight, the Hermit rush'd
Straight to the crowd, and with uplifted hand
Sternly forbade the iron-nerv'd old man
To touch the ark of heaven's own hallow'd cause.
But the rous'd spirit of the misanthrope,
Thron'd in the chariot of its dire career,
Triumphant driving to the prize of doom,
Would not then be commanded, cried aloud,
"Behold your leader!"—To the holy man
Th' emblazon'd banner stoop'd in homage, and
The awe-struck throng with solemn ardour bow'd,

While from their lurkings all the fiends of ill
That watch'd the contest, sprung exulting forth.

Th' ambitious demon, that with regal sceptre
Marshals the warrior to unblest renown,
Pour'd out the vial of disastrous pride
On the prone Hermit, as with shouts of joy
The fated armies took their destin'd way;
While overhead, countless malignant stars,
The fiends on wing, grew pallid with alarm,
Smote with strange horror, lest in that dread hour
Heaven's Wrath was there with victory prepar'd.

Still, as from upland lakes and woody glens,
And sedgy wilds, and marshy regions drear,
The pomp of some majestic river comes,
The worshipp'd Ganges, or the mightier tide
Of savage waters, rolling measureless
Through wide Columbian wastes, all places pour'd
Their fervent myriads to augment the host
Led by the Hermit to the Holy Land.

No trumpet's clangour cheer'd their toilsome march,

Nor spirit-stirring fife, nor the bold peal
Of the courageous drum, was ever heard ;
But, more inspiring than the mingled voice
Of all accorded instruments of sound,
They mov'd exultingly with psalms and songs
Of ancient Israel to battle led,
And led victorious by the Lord of Hosts
Through seas, o'er deserts drear, and impious kings,
And thus triumphantly their anthems rung :

" The mighty God of war, he is our captain ;
He leads, he guides us in our pathless way,
Arm'd with the thunder, and hors'd on the storm.
None can subdue, nor is there any victor
But He that fought for the chosen of old.
He is with us—yes, and we shall prevail—
Onward Jehovah, triumphant avenger—
Onward Jehovah, to conquer we go !"

The dismal Energies that rose from hell
Saw them advance, and for awhile aghast
Stood doubtful of the sight, wond'ring and aw'd,
What mystic purpose Providence divine

Would then unfold, that Argentless awhile
Should be the leader in the Hermit's cause.
But o'er the waves and troubles of mankind,
They call'd to mind how, in the dark'ning storm,
As beacon-towers on rocks and shoals are seen,
The bad and bold guide the rich argosies,
And rush'd exulting, fluttering all their wings,
To where, assembling on the Syrian plains,
As from the arid waste the fiery blast
Comes breathing desolation, Mahomed's
Unrighteous hosts, with pride incensed, were ranged;
For rumour then, with speeding feet and wing,
From all her tongues cried "Christendom is roused!"
Fierce flamed their arrogance, as erst of yore
Stern Heaven ordain'd the Babylonian king
To stand on Zion with triumphant sword,
And from her gates the conquer'd Israel drive,
To mourn in thraldom's chains by Babel's stream.

The fiends beheld the infidels afar,
Moving their panoply, as when the winds
Of autumn mock the billowy forest scene,
With waves embroider'd, in Canadian woods,

Ere winter tears the garland from the bough ;
And viewless then all as the deadly cold,
Life-searching, penetrates the arborous aisle,
They enter fell each bosom's dark abyss,
And urge to desolate intents of war.

All night they raged, and when the orient day
Unfurl'd his glorious banner, and the stars
Fled at his bright advancing, they began
To roll there countless ; as the unbanded flames
Devour the distance, and consume the heath,
Or onwards still some bankless Hellespont
Holds its wide course unchanging in the sea.

The mail-clad chiefs moved like portentous orbs,
And marshall'd squadrons in their proud array,
[The glittering spear-points kindled by the sun,]
Rode underneath a canopy of stars,
While gleaming meteors, glancing wild and high,
Threw flickering fires where'er the cymbals rung.

At eve they halted, and to Mecca's shrine
Far in the south, with cleansed hands they kneel,

And lowly supplicate their prophet's care.
The blissful host who saw their orisons,
Brighten'd to splendour, for they knew of old,
That aspirations of the humble heart
Were ever welcome in the courts of heaven.

Cow'ring remote, the sinful from below
Beheld the dawn, and wondering backward scowl'd,
That such bright joy should as in radiance shine
From the glad seraphim, who, ruby-red,
Glow'd constant guardians of the heavenly towers;
But all was calm, and to their sordid ken
No sign disclosed why, borne on ardent wings,
The prayers of men are so received on high.

The worship finish'd, and the homage done
O'er all the plain, as in the twilight hour
The stars break sparkling out along the sky,
The kindled camp-fires spread their gems of light,
Till earth seem'd emulous with constellations.

Then the lone warrior, as he walks his rounds,
Feels the soft thought breath'd from the stilly air,

And unperceived permits the tear to flow
For his far home, and wonders what is Fame.
Yea, haply e'en the young enthusiast then,
As on the embattled sward entranced he sits,
Sway'd by the starry eloquence of night,
May, as he hears some father's passing sigh
For orphans left that shall be seen no more,
Own the delirium of heroic dreams.

But lo ! the morn—the living light—the morn,
The life that's visible—the morn that brings
Refulgent hope and willing enterprise,
With crested thoughts in plume and panoply,
Peeps o'er the shoulder of yon eastern hill.
Then with the shadows of the fleeing night,
That harbinger the bright approach of day,
The boding fancy, and the hidden fear,
The care, the sorrow, and the doubt depart.

Up rose the sun, and every turban'd chief
Sat on his pawing and impatient steed,
As the proud war-ship dares the coming wave,
Before the signal for her voyage flies;

But soon afar the trumpets, sounding clear,
Bade them advance, while on their backs the sun,
Unclouded, pour'd his fervency intense.
As on they move, the sound murm'ring around,
Rose as the insect swarms, that dismal come,
Mantling the plague, careering on the wind;
Such as o'ershadowed Egypt's fated land,
When showering numberless on bladed fields
They fell, and mourning swains saw the bare soil
Blacken with famine where they did delight.

Before them rose a rugged rising ground;
But as obedient Jordan curl'd his tide
Back to its fountain, stream o'erflowing stream,
When stood God's ark within the river's bed,
They seem'd to mount the steep acclivity,
And on the ridge extend their dazzling files,
As the furr'd Russ on Borean clouds beholds
The shifting phalanx of the midnight light.

At last they halted, and high hov'ring near,
The licensed demons hung on darkening wing;
For glorious issuing, all prepared for war,

The seraphim appear'd : as the bright sun
Emerging radiant from obscure eclipse,
They sparkling shone,—so on the hills around,
Of old, the prophet show'd his trembling servant
Squadrons of fire and flaming chariots stand.

But the dread war was not permitted then ;
The fiends, dim mounting, sought the azure depths
Of far abysms in the welkin hid,
Shunning the sworded seraphim, afraid ;
While from the height, where stood the infidels,
Remote was seen across the distant plain,
The coming multitude with banner'd pomp,
And choral anthems of exulting praise,
Led by the Hermit to the Holy Land.

END OF BOOK IV.

THE HERMIT PETER.

BOOK V.

As when the hunter, who has scoop'd his cave
Beneath the lonely snows of Labrador,
Looks forth in spring, and from the rugged coast
Sees, on the shipless ocean, wide and wild,
The broken winter's crashing fragments driven,
Steer'd by the wind, Nature's dread bedlamite,
To headlong ruin in the southern clime,
The awe-struck shepherds, on the hills afar,
Beheld the Hermit's desultory throng.

Ranged on the uplands, stood the Saracens,
And as, high towering on some glittering shore,
A regal city lifts her gorgeous head,
They saw them coming, and in pride of power
Waited for battle, steadfast and refulgent.

Nor did the arbiters that heaven had arm'd
With glorious adamant, angelic mail,

On cliff and cloud, and mountain hoar, to awe
The fiends that war but to extend dismay,
Stand unprepared: they, with enkindling files,
Marshall'd their squadrons round the infidels,
As if mysterious Providence had will'd
Might and predominance to their ill cause.

Meanwhile, alarm'd, in terrible divan,
Grim in their dismal halls, the demons held
Sullen communion—for their sultan stern
Had told them, in the prophecies of Heaven,
Ere the foundations of the world were laid,
It was predicted that a time was set
When evil would begin to wane, and good
Spread bright and brighter into perfect day.

Around, on thrones of fire, red fire, they sat,
Mantled with darkness black;—some, thoughtful, bent
Their knotty foreheads down upon their palms,
And others grinn'd, impassion'd to be marr'd
In their malignancy, while backward cower'd
A hideous thrall and servitor of Hell:
Eager he look'd, as if the dawn of hope

Could ever glow within a breast accurst,
Made heedful by the legend; till at last
Their chief arose. Like some great edifice
At dead of night seen wrapt in smoke and flame,
He tower'd before them, and in thunder spoke.

" When we were first from heaven's star-spangled
walls
Hurl'd headlong down to yon abhorr'd abyss,
And weltering lay, toss'd on the sulph'rous waves,
Whose fiery spray wastes the encumben'd vault
Whereon the world of time has since been raised,
I strove to wake, with earnest lofty voice,
Your stunn'd and fall'n spirits to defy
The worst of fate with courage resolute;
And to this epoch, with undaunted front,
Still unsubdued, you have achieved my praise.
But now, all else that you unflinching bore,
His wrath and thunderbolts, were as the rain,
The vernal rain, that patient hinds implore,
Compared to that unmitigable fire
Shower'd on the pamper'd cities of the plain,—

To that great contest which must now ensue.
Therefore, dire tests and champions of Hell,
Stand firm! serene in your collected might,
And not unfought for yield the glorious prize;
Well it becomes the legions of the lost
To wrench fresh valour from declared despair."

He ceas'd, but none responded: all sat mute
As if in doubt, when suddenly, as burst
In storms and hurricanes of volleying flame,
Glaring strange day upon the trembling earth,
The nitre hordes of a beleaguer'd town
Fired in their dungeon vaults, the fiends blazed up
With zeal intense, and terrible combustion.
Wildly they glared, and from their aspects shed
A sullen radiance of fierce iron light,
As when aghast Sicilian shepherds see
The rolling lava's burning mountain tide
Inflame the sky, or when the shipman drear,
Wint'ring forgotten in the Arctic gloom,
Beholds red phantasms in the crimson sky,
And omens fatal to the sons of men.

While they perplex'd ; upon the Syrian plain
The rash crusaders meet the Saracens,
And furious meditate remorseless strife.

Glittering afar as the thick flickering wings
Of countless locusts murmuring in the air,
Ere yet their riots on the fields begin,
The adverse armies join : all the sure earth,
As the fierce onset of their charge outspreads,
Shakes with the dissonance of voice and gleam,
As if the noise were visible, and Wrath,
With Vengeance carr'd, scourg'd on her thund'ring steeds,
Crushing resistance ; dire the maddening throng
Raged hoarsely, and the sound came on the wind
To the lone swain who on the hills remote
Hears the rough billows on the sandy shore ;
And he beheld, like sparkling showers of fire,
The mingling weapons of the warriors glance,
As on that night, when the consenting gods,
All on their thrones, as poets feign, survey'd
The doom of Ilium, and th' insensate flames
Lick from the earth her palaces and towers.

Till set of sun they fought; and all the plain
Was with the dying and the wounded strewn,
As the reap'd field is with the sheaves in harvest;
And when the shadows of the twilight spread,
The thirsty vengeance of the infidels
Was still unslaked; nor when the solemn moon,
From her calm threshold on the eastern hill,
Blushing survey'd the madness of mankind,
Did the crusaders in their zeal relent.

Amaz'd, the Hermit saw the carnage piled,
And on the hallow'd soldiers of the cross,
Certain as death, still with unsparing might
The edged sternness of their foes descend,
And all around, in unavailing gore,
The victims of his flatter'd rashness lie.
At last afar the loud triumphant peal
Of insolent trumpets to the mountains told
The battle won, and by the Saracens.

"Have I so sinn'd," with clasped hands he cried,
"That He, the irresponsible, who guides
Th' avenging armies of the living God,

The Lord Jehovah, hath deserted me?"
And with the cry of one cast to despair,
Flung himself headlong, and with frantic grasps
In frenzy wrestled with the passive earth.

Long prone he lay, while over all the field
The scatter'd remnants, leaderless, deplor'd
The issues of the fight, but Argentless:
He dying lay, yet, ere his spirit fled,
A dreadful effort made to view the waste,
Rais'd on his bleeding arm, and when he heard
The note of triumph swelling high and clear,
He knew the sound rose from the infidels,
And shouting shrill, in mirthless laughter, died.

Then there was peace; that stillness ever found
Where War has battled till he can no more,
And Valour, weary with his unwip'd sword,
Sits pale and thoughtful on the harmless slain.
No longer then sounds the rude clash of arms,
Nor squadrons' thunder, nor the victor's shout
Mingles with curses hoarse of baffled rage.

Far other notes fill the wide ear of night—
The choral anthem, and the hymn of war.

Cries of loud suff'ring were unceasing heard
In dismal concord; and heart-rending there
The cadence of the dying soldier's groan;
Like the deep death-bell in some mourning town,
Where pestilence has enter'd, deeply booms
The long-drawn anguish of the wounded charger;
And there the fiends that prowl with unblest lights
Are wandering seen, and wheresoe'er they stop,
Shrieks wildly sharp break from the mangled wretch,
Struck, as he welters, by the plunderer's knife.
At morn, the soldier from his comrade dead
There bans the camp-dog; and the shatter'd there,
To scare the foul birds hovering o'er them, lift
Their bleeding limbs, and roll their gashy heads;
And there the sun, remorseless on his throne,
Brings clouds of carnage flies that fill the air
With quickening gloom, a living shower of sound.

Rous'd from his trance, for wrapt in trance he lay,
With sorrow stunn'd, the awaking Hermit gaz'd,

And on the upland saw the sated foes
Their bright battalions range ; while all the plain,
Where he had yesterday exulting seen
Phantoms of fame and effigies of power,
By him the blossoms deem'd of kingly fruit,
Lay still and drear, with ruins overspread,
As where Balbek and mute Palmyra mourn
Their doom and widowhood amidst the waste.

" Lord," then he cried, " thy will be done on earth !
The worm no more shall in thy chariot ride,
Or be aught else than thy implicit agent.
I may not question, Lord, that still with thee
The victory rests, tho' for a while exult
The powers of Hell as conquerors of might.
Thine is the vantage of the bloody day,
And he who contrite bends the humbled head,
Crown'd, for a diadem, but with disasters,
May yet the vintage of thy wisdom gather.
I will not, Victor, Warrior, Avenger,
Though now before me, as the wrecks and corses
Seen on the shore when Miriam sung thy praise,
Lie all the spring of Christendom destroy'd,
Let my heart sink—I do rejoice, Jehovah ;

It is thy work, and, therefore, must be wise.
But, oh! dread Merciful, my weakness pity—
I am a man, and full of frailties, Lord;
I can but weep that in thy righteous counsels
Such was the judgment for my errors given,
That yon bright sun beholds a scene like this.
My friends, alas! but they are all with thee,
Not less in death, awful, mysterious God!
Than when they flash'd their ineffectual steel.
Thou art the Sovereign—thee must all obey!"

When he had ended, and his lowly heart
Confess'd to heaven, with penitential tears,
His hollow vanity and impious hope,
To build himself renown and monarchy,
And make the agencies of God's own cause
The aids and means of temporal designs,
The Grace and Mercy, winged cherubims
That hovering wait before the throne of light,
Flutter'd their pinions, eager to receive
The Hermit's pardon, and to earth came down,
Bearing th' assurance of remitted sin;
For heavenly spirits speed with joyous haste
When sent to man with messages of bliss.

Sooth'd and restor'd, as on the sward he sat,
Sweet Mercy o'er him spread her gentle wings,
And, beck'ning, drew the guardian angels nigh,
That tend the pardon'd as they lie asleep.
Then thick around, as far-come birds at sea,
That sailors try with outstretch'd hands to clutch,
They circling came, and on the saint alight.

In that oblivious sleep and tranquil hour,
A spirit rising from the cell of dreams
Was with him, and he had the inward sense
In symbols manifest of things to be,
As if he stood upon a mountain's brow
High overlooking all the world of time.

Below him, kingdoms and their glory lay
Extending to the limitless horizon.
Bright streams that drew their links from upland plains,
Came pouring from the bosom of dark woods;
Their blue augmenting tides glassing the towers
Of many a town that in the sunshine rear'd
Her spiry head. The cliffy headlands stretch'd

Towards the isles, and countless ships were seen
All gaily glittering on a silver sea.

But while he gazed, the phantom landscape changed,
And high before him rose a lofty pile,
So old, as if it had for ever stood—
So strong, as if it would for ever stand.
The top look'd over all the hills, and bore
The sculptured images of mighty kings.

But suddenly the skies were overcast,
And hail and fire were shower'd with wrath from heaven.
The hills gush'd torrents, and the rivers roll'd
A gathering chaos as they rag'd along;
The woods were crush'd before the roaring blast,
As if some angry demon trampled them;
An earthquake shook the mountains, and the sea
Unclosed the trembling isles from his embrace,
And seized them with a furious clasp again;
Cities were overthrown, temples cast down;
Castles did rock, and topple on their seats,
The everlasting hills; altars were moved,

And priests fled from their offerings ; idols then
Were, by their worshippers, cleft into stones,
To build up ramparts ; churches of the Lord,
With all the pageantries of pomp and ritual,
Melted away, like visions seen in ice,
That are by sufferance of the absent sun,
And vanish from his beam : all men were seized
With an impetuous frenzy, and the codes
Of olden wisdom, by fantastic hands
Were torn as warranties of tyranny ;
The chalice and the charter were as one
Witness and testimony, that mankind
Were juggled with by man ; the regal sceptre
Became a sword all foul with gouts of blood ;
Shrieks rose afar, and blazing bulwarks burn'd ;
The halo vanish'd from the royal head ;
To helmets grim the sacred mitres grew ;
The lawn was dyed with murder, and lewd songs
Blared from carousals held at sainted shrines,
Where batter'd chalices with wine o'erflow'd ;
The ravenous vultures flesh'd their beaks and fangs
On limbs they mangled ; and the setting sun,
Red in the west, darting disastrous fires,
Foretold the doom and burial of the day.

Again the vision changed : a brightening morn
Dawn'd in the darkness that lay black on all,
A heaven of glory, and another earth,
Where white-robed saints in peace and holiness
Knew but the code of Calvary, and ruled
By it the calm dominions of the just.

All there had tasks, for heaven is pleased with toil,
The toil that's earnest, and ensures repose ;
Hard labour was unknown ; the dreams of guilt,
The restless couch of unappeased desire,
The idle anguish of luxurious bowers,
Lean Want that wrenches life from grasping Famine,
And bloated Sloth that ever asks for more,
Were there alike unknown : no weary sigh
Did there satiety or need betoken,
Nor there Voluptuousness was fluttering seen,
A fated fly that sips empoison'd sweets,
And in fastidious ecstasies expires,
Loathed as cantharides : there man with man
In goodness emulous, contented found
Success from brotherhood still constant spring ;
Nor fenced woodland, nor the sunny lawn,
Where well-fed Wealth, amidst green pasture lies,

Were there, nor hovel of the rent-rack'd hind,
Mix'd with the golden dome and lordly tower,
But wisdom reign'd, and peace was ever blest.

Calm from his trance the Hermit rose, and, sooth'd
By Heav'n's sweet influence in the vision'd sleep,
Mused of his dream, and what it might portend.

The hurl and havoc of terrestrial things,
He deem'd, betoken'd war, and storms, and change,
'Till all that's old, perish'd and overthrown,
Whirl'd from the shuddering bosom of the earth,
As ashes volleying on the winds disperse,
Shall pass away ; and for the surgeand battle,
The halcyon days of holiness serene
Shine on the world, and Christ preside o'er all,
True glorious conqueror, his sword, the Truth !

Then awed to think that with celestial aims
He had the dross of human passion mix'd,
The Hermit traced with pensive steps again
His solemn mission to the western brave.

THE SIBYL OF NORWOOD.

A TALE.

In a little hamlet near the skirts of Sydenham Common, resided a young man, a gardener, who, in his personal appearance, was much superior to the other "lads of the village," but a superstitious temperament made him shy and diffident; insomuch, that he was better known as "Bob the muser," than by his own name. Still, notwithstanding his bashful taciturnity, he was much esteemed by all who knew him, being quiet and kind-hearted. One day as Bob was coming alone from Dulwich by a footpath, which led to his home, through Norwood, he met grim Moll, a gipsy woman who belonged to one of the gangs who then had their hovels in the wood, at that time in existence.

Moll was well known for a stern hardihood of manner, but she had not before been suspected of possessing any skill or faculty beyond what was practised

by the other gipsies. She knew the virtues of many herbs,[1] and could read the lines of life as truly as the

[1] Skill in herbs seems in all ages to have been an accomplishment of the professors of "mystical predominance." I remember, when a very young boy, of being much interested on viewing the processes of an old woman, who, as one of the expedients to prolong her poor life, distilled peppermint. She was a singular person, and had a strange "uncanny" look. Her caldron was a large kail-pot, with a tin still-head, which, even to me in those days of simplicity, had in her dark apartment a lugubrious appearance. I see the scene still; and were she to make her appearance now, as she was then, I think myself likely to know her. I had then neither heard of Macbeth nor of Medea.

About twenty-five years ago, when collecting scraps for the note respecting witchcraft in my Life of Cardinal Wolsey, I made a curious collection of strange matters bearing on this subject, but none surprised me so much as the light they seemed to throw on the learning of Shakspeare. I think that some of the commentators on his works have done quite as much to prove their own ignorance, as to show that he was defectively learned.

Among my papers I have found some of those old scraps. I do not mean, however, to controvert the general opinion of his want of classical knowledge, but I do think that the extent of his reading has been underrated; for he seems to have been familiar with translations, and no one can doubt the use he has made of the character of Ovid's Medea in Lady Macbeth, and "the metaphysical aid" he has drawn from other Latin poets. It deserves, for example, to be noticed, that in Macbeth the goddess of the witches, as well as of Medea, is Hecaté; and the ingredients of their caldron are wonderfully similar to those of hers.

most erudite in palmistry. She was indeed a shrewd carlin, but in the general opinion not old enough to be a witch, though many imagined she was on the boundary of the mystical age.

When Bob saw her approaching he did not much

He does not appear to have, as is commonly alleged, followed the then vulgar notions of witchcraft, such as Reginald Scot, his cotemporary, describes, but to have imitated a classic model. The ingredients of Medea's "hell-broth," as in an old translation of Ovid, may not be improperly introduced here.

" Furious Medea, with her hair unbound,
About the flagrant altar trots a round;
The brand dips in the ditches black with blood,
And on the altars fires th' infected wood;
Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,
And thrice with sulphur, muttering horrid names.
Meanwhile, in hollow brass the med'cine boils,
And swelling high in foamy bubbles toils.
There seethes she what th' Æmonian vales produce,
Roots, juices, flowers, and seeds of sovereign use;
Adds precious stones, from farthest Orient reft,
And pebbles, by the ebbing ocean left;
The dew collected in the dawning springs;
A screech owl's flesh, with her infamous wings;
The entrails of ambiguous wolves, that can
Take and forsake the figure of a man;
The liver of a long-liv'd hart: then takes
The scaly skins of small cinyphean snakes.
A crow's black head, and pointed beak, were cast
Among the rest; which had nine ages past.

like to meet her. It was on a wild rising ground, and no other person was in sight. A few stunted

These and a thousand more, without a name,
Were thus prepared by the barbarous dame
For human benefit."

But to return. I am not sure now who made the following translation of Virgil, but it is curious, and applicable to what is said in the text.

" These herbs did Mœris give to me,
And poisons pluck'd at Pontus ;
For there they grow and multiply,
And do not so amongst us."

VIRGIL, *Eclog.* 8.

And the following is also applicable.

" With herbs and liquor sweet, that still
To sleep did men incline."

Translated prior to 1584, *by* THOMAS PHAIARS.

A charm which the witches use at gathering their medicinal herbs, is, however, still more in point, but I do not see how it was considered unblest.

" Hail be thou holy herb,
Growing on the ground ;—
All on mount of Calvary
First wert thou found.
Thou art good for many a sore,
And healest many a wound ;
In the name of sweet Jesus,
I take thee from the ground."

But I am not writing a treatise on the black art.

oaks were scattered on the left side of the path, and from the right a shaggy steep descended; at the bottom of which spread a wide uncultivated plain, and beyond it lay, with silvan patches interspersed, a rural and more riant landscape. Still it was a desolate spot, and the day being hazy and calm, there was a silence in the air, and a solitude around, that awakened feelings of awe and dread.

Bob, though reluctant to face the sibyl, was yet too manly to avoid her; and thus somehow, almost in spite of himself, he was constrained to proceed onward. When he had come within a few paces of her, she suddenly halted, and by some unaccountable sympathy, he did the same thing at the same moment too, and looked at her with a kind of apprehensive inquisition.

Moll appeared to be near three-score, and was of a large stalwart form; severe and grave in her physiognomy—her air was at once peculiar and masculine. She wore a black silk bonnet, much faded; a red cloak that had once been scarlet, but which had acquired a crimson hue, and which, by several rents and the raggedness of the bottom selvage, betokened both

age and rough usage. Her gown was of brown calico, with white and green flowers overspread; and what of her petticoat was visible, had been once blue, but it was concealed by a check apron, which had evidently been put on that morning, clean from the fold.

After examining Bob for some time, she went towards him courageously, and stooping forward, significantly patting at the same time the side of her nose with the fore-finger of her left hand, looked him steadily in the face, and asked him, in a way that is not easily described, for a sixpence. Bob at the time had none to give; but he gave her rather an evasive denial; to which she made no reply, but stepping three paces backward, raised her right arm aloft, and said, with a mysterious scowl, these simple words—

"You had better!"

His answer was not delivered quite so firmly as his first refusal, at least it was not so distinct; but he resumed his walk, and she went on muttering something which seemed to him equally strange and

ominous. Soon after he saw her descend into the hollow, and disappear among the bushes.

At this time Bob had some professional duty to perform in the garden of the college, (then newly erected,) every other day, and he was, in consequence, often seen at his work by the passengers on the adjacent highway. Whether grim Moll had observed him before, cannot now be determined; but the next time after the encounter that he had occasion to cross the common, exactly on the same spot, she suddenly, like an apparition, again stood before him, and in the self-same appalling attitude, patting her nose emphatically with her finger, demanded a shilling.

Bob, a good deal agitated, told her, and told her truly, that he had no shillings to give her; upon which again stepping three paces backward, and raising her hand, she repeated in the same manner as she had before done,

"You had better, or you may go farther and fare worse."

Bob went on; instead, however, of resuming her walk as on the former occasion, the sibyl stood

still; and when he looked back to see what she was doing, both her arms were extended in the air, and she seemed entranced in a posture like one uttering a magical invocation.

Something in this second interview affected Bob with inexplicable emotion. He did not like much what he had heard of the cunning and malignant malice of the unblest and unbaptized gipsy, and her attitude and supernatural gestures filled him with mystery and fear. In fact, all day at his work, he could think of nothing but of her, and of the unholy increase of her demand. The following morning his anxiety was, however, somewhat abated, and towards the evening, as he had never heard witchcraft imputed to her, he unconsciously thought less seriously of the stern crone; but it happened, as he was sitting at night in the public-house, two men came in, who seemed by their dress field labourers; and over their ale, one of them began to tell the other of something which he could not explain respecting the conduct of an old woman whom he had seen that day; and by the description Bob recognised the weird sister of the common.

"In short," said one of the unknown men, "if she

be not a witch, I am sure she ought to be, for she has such odd ways with her, that she is not like a mortal creature."

There was certainly nothing very remarkable in this clownish speech, nevertheless it made a serious impression on Bob, and the word witch, like Macbeth's amen, stuck in his throat. It gave a bias to his thoughts, and made them engender superstitious fancies, in so much that all the livelong night he was beset with solemn ruminations, and frequently said to himself, "If grim Moll should prove to be a witch?" as if he had some dread upon him.

Next morning he had again occasion to go to Dulwich, but by this time he had worked himself into a resolution to contend with his apprehensions, a resolution which proved the depth of the sentiment with which he was affected; and, in consequence, chose again the path along the ridge of the common where he had first met the sinister and malevolent hag, on purpose, like the boy who whistles in the churchyard, by assuming a virtue, though he had it not, to cheer his courage up. On approaching the enchanted spot, however, he became thoughtful, and

an anxiety which he could not cast off invested his reflections. In this frame of mind the sibyl again stood before him, and fiercely, with all her former mystery, demanded two shillings.

The sight and speech startled him greatly, and with evident perturbation he stepped back, and assuming more determination than he felt, reproached her with waylaying him, and so improperly attempting to extort money.

While he was speaking, she again stepped majestically three paces backward, and again extending her arms, exclaimed,—

"Cur, cur, accursed cur—the mange and the murrain be upon thee!"

The astonished and terrified muser fled from her in horror; his mind swarmed as it were with hideous conceits; the dismal sense of a malediction fell upon him, and the heavens and the earth seemed to be mingled in tremendous confusion around.

When he became more master of himself, a vague consternation, to which he could give no name, took possession of his mind, from which it could not be dislodged; and he felt as it were an indescribable

incubus upon him, more terrible than the night-mare, goading him on with the spell of a witch, to despair and perdition.

This superstitious alarm abated, however, in some degree before the evening, and he returned to his home convinced of having encouraged baleful apprehensions. But instead of taking the short footpath over the common, he kept the highway, and walked a short distance in front of several labourers. He did not choose to walk behind them, strangely fearful that he might be attacked by something from the rear, a proof that, however disengaged he endeavoured to appear, his mind was filled with obscure bodements.

When he arrived at his home he went immediately to bed, telling his mother that he did not feel himself quite so well as usual, and thought he would be better of a sleep. But all night he was molested with gloomy dreams, and lay tossing in "restless ecstasy."

In the morning, when he rose at his customary early hour, and was about half dressed, he recollected it was Friday, and that he had promised to see on that

day a young woman at Eltham, to whom he was much attached, in order to fix with her the day of their marriage; in consequence he laid aside his working habiliments, and put on his Sunday clothes, with the intention of fulfilling his promise.

The road from the village where he resided to Eltham was not then much frequented, nor indeed is it yet, though the country is now more enclosed, and there was a degree of solitude in the aspect of the fields as he came down behind Lewisham, particularly forlorn, and which his morbid imagination peopled with phantoms of awe; still he went forward to Eltham.

For some time, however, he was haunted with indescribable anxieties, in so much that when he came in sight of his "sweet nut's" dwelling, he could scarcely muster bravery enough to proceed forward. But at last, ashamed of his reluctance, he did go on, and knocked briskly at the door. It was opened by the young woman's mother, who had evidently been weeping, and who, on seeing him, uttered a wild cry of sorrow, and fell senseless in his arms.

He called some of the neighbours, whom he saw looking at him, to his assistance, and with their help removed the afflicted old woman into the house, and at the same time learnt from them, to his inexpressible grief, that about the hour in which the gipsy had pronounced her oracular curse, the damsel of his hopes had gone off with a party of soldiers.

I shall drop the curtain on the feelings with which the news affected the sincere and simple-minded lover, but on reaching home he was really indisposed—so much, indeed, was he so, that his face was pale, his lips livid, and his eyes shone with a febrile and glassy lustre, more impressive than the wildest speculation of vehement passion.

He thought, however, less of the perfidy of his sweetheart than of the imprecation of the gipsy, for he could now no longer but think that grim Moll belonged to the unblest sisterhood. Her image was predominant in his mind. All other ideas became subordinate to that which her incomprehensible energy and malediction had inspired. But he said nothing; and the disappointment he had suffered, sufficiently

accounted to his mother, as well as to the neighbours, for his sullen taciturnity, and the unsocial sequestration, to which from that period he became addicted.

In his silence and seclusion, he drooped, and peaked, and pined, and his depression daily grew worse. At last an old carlin of the village, and who had some repute for her sagacity, happened to say that it was not with a common ail poor Bob was afflicted; adding mysteriously, that she wished he had not incurred the malice of some one possessed of more power than God had given.

This mystical aphorism, by the time it was repeated to his mother, had assumed more definite intelligence, and it was reported to her that surely Bob was blighted by an evil eye.

The distressed widow related what she had heard to her son, and then, but not till then, he told her of his different interviews on the common, with the Medean sorceress, as he now deemed her.

But although, by this disclosure, his breast was in some degree eased of its burden, he yet continued to fall away, for the sense of being under the influence of a malignant spell was unappeased; and no one who

heard his mother's tale of his despondency, could doubt he was infected with some unholy taint. In short, he grew daily a greater object of pity, and withered away till he died.

A hope of his recovery, while life remained, had been cherished by the neighbours with solicitude; but when they heard of his death, their exasperation against the Sibyl of Norwood was unbounded. The young men, in a body, went to her hovel, vowing vengeance; and they found her seething a pot, which they called a caldron, and stirring, as they thought, a brewing of sorcery.

They at once seized her with fear and rashness, tied her hands behind, and dragged her to Croydon, where the assizes were then sitting. They denounced her as a witch, and she in vain protested her innocence, but her accusers were inexorable with superstition, and she was ultimately indicted for having caused the death of Bob the muser, by her spells and incantations.

The presiding judge was more enlightened than the general audience, and being much affected by the earnest vehemence with which the old woman

asserted her innocence, was led to enquire of herself as to the nature of any transactions she had ever held with the deceased, and she related all the circumstances which had given rise to the merciless persecution with which she had been assailed.

She told him that the first morning on which she had fallen in with Bob on the common, she was much beset with want; and seeing that he was cowed by her appearance, she had been instigated by her necessities to practise the little art which had led to such results. Having failed to effect the extortion that day, she tried the second time, when the perturbation of the victim was still more obvious. Being, however, again unsuccessful, she waited for him a third time, and having become angry and impatient at still being refused, she could not restrain her vexation, and had uttered the imprecation, meaning no more by it than to vex him in a way that she had often seen other gipsies practise, when treated as she had been, seduced to it by the dread with which she noticed he had regarded her.

The judge expressed himself satisfied with her innocence of the crime as it was set forth in the indict-

ment, but inveighed so strongly on the immorality that might ensue if such offences as hers were allowed to go unpunished, that the jury without hesitation found her guilty. The fearful sentence of the law was necessarily pronounced.

The foregoing little story is intended to illustrate the author's opinion of the species of delinquency which was formerly punished as witchcraft, and which, by the abrogation of the statutes against it, may now be practised with impunity.

THE BIRAM AT STAMBOUL.

THE dawn slow bright'ning up the eastern sky
Chang'd the blue sapphire to pale chrysolite,
The moon grew wan, the starry orbs on high
Dwindled, and seem'd in their mid course to set;
No breeze did then the slumb'ring Bosph'rus fret,
But all was calm, save through the peaceful air
The solemn muzzim from the minaret,
Amidst the moonlike opal clusters there,
Summon'd the faithful to the mosque and prayer.
The light caique,[1] with many a Christian guest
From dusky Tophono, slow skimm'd to where
Imperial Stamboul gemm'd her gorgeous breast,
Waiting her paramour, the Sun, and bright
Arch, roof, and dome, adorn'd her jewel'd crest,
That morning tinted with her gladdening light,
And martigans[2] like birds prepared their wings for flight.

[1] Row-boats. [2] Barks.

A LEGEND OF ST ANTHONY.

Saint Anthony dwelt in a cave,
A hermit holy, good, and simple—
Above the witch-guard row'n-trees wave,
And prattling waters round him rimple;
All happy in security,
The mavis and the merle sing,
The leverets play at liberty,
And leaping light with gaiety,
Chase the blue swallow's skimming wing.
A scene so Eden-like and fair,
The hermit from his cell surveying,
Felt all his feelings prompt to prayer.
Just then a wandering imp of air
Flew past and heard him praying.
Saint Anthony, as saints are wont,
His strain repeated loud and strong,
And ever and anon he paused
To hear the hills the strain prolong.
The imp of ill, as you may guess,

In gamesome mood the saint to mock,
Alighted in a still recess,
And play'd the echo of the rock;
While ever as the hermit paus'd,
His last words sweetly swelling,
The wicked imp took up the strain,
And made a holy yelling.
But still the saint, as saints should do,
When fell malignants tempt to sin,
More zealous in devotion grew—
The imp increased his din.
So loud at last between them rose
This rapturous endeavouring,
That devils came in flocks like crows
From regions far and near,
Their friend unfairly favouring.
But them the saint did nothing fear,
Like a brave cock still crowing clear,
Triumphantly he pray'd.
The imp began to pant and fret—
Some laugh'd, some talk'd, and some did threat,
And some did ban, and some did bet,

The rest were sore dismay'd.
'Twas in this crisis of the game
The old imperial tempter came ;—
" What, ho !" he cries, " what means this crowd ?
This praying long, this echoing loud ?
And shall not we the vict'ry claim ?"
Away, a gallant bounding buck,
With branching horns he proudly sped—
The rest appear'd a hunter's train,
Tumultuous sweeping o'er the plain
Where'er the leader led.
But rapt, regardless of the sight,
The saint still pray'd with all his might.
As foaming torrents roll their force
Impetuous and disorderly,
Down come the buck, and hounds, and horse—
The buck sheer o'er the hermit bounds,
High leaping follow horse and hounds
In hurly-burly furiously.
" O, such a saint," cried Beelzebub,
" I never saw before,
To pray so calm and steadily,

His phrases flowing readily,
Uncheck'd by such uproar."

But now another guise they take,
The old one still them heading,—
Like hinds and maidens, two and two,
With pipe and tabor on they go,
A merry village wedding.
I need not tell who play'd the priest,
With twinkling eyes and visage chubby;
The pimple on his purple nose
Was like the royal ruby.
With blithe good-morrows as they pass,
The pious saint they laughing hail,
And jocundly they bid him come
To see the happy couple home—
But all, full well I wot, they found of no avail.

Anon, in the pass of the mountains was heard
The sound of bold trumpets and cymbals afar,
And soon with bright eagle's high glittering appear'd
An army all glorious advancing to war;
While down the steep defiling,

With drums and hautboys playing,
You might have seen the glancing arms,
And heard the chargers neighing.

But who the pomp of this array shall paint,
That near the cave magnificently pass'd?
In the vain hope that heaven's devoted saint
A wond'ring look would on the pageant cast.
The bugles swell'd with a courageous blast,
Th' inspir'd soldiers answer'd with a cheer,
The firm earth shook, as heavily and vast
Roll'd on the ordnance in the cumber'd rear—
The hermit rais'd his voice, and strove that all might hear.

Soon tumultuous from afar
Was heard the meeting tides of war
Conflicting on the heath—
As Niagara's thunders roar,
The headlong human torrents pour
The cataracts of death.
The battle loud and louder nears,
And random balls and splinter'd spears,

Hoarse curses, mingled groans and cheers,
Come heralding the anarchy.
Now rank on rank confusion drives,
Dire as the volley'd thunder rives,
The furious artillery strives
'Midst whirlwinds of cavalry.
The wounded falling as they fly,
Around the hermit gasping lie,
" Oh! water! water!" wild they cry,
" One drop for blessed charity."
Regardless of their piteous plaint,
Serene the self-admiring saint
Knelt obdurate in pray'r.
Vindictive for this new disgrace,
In shape a bomb from the mid air
Satan exploded in his face.

As a vapour dissolves into air,
The phantom slow melting withdrew,
And the landscape, all sunny and fair,
Return'd to Saint Anthony's view.
The flocks on the mountains reclined,
The shepherds were stretched in sleep;

It was noon, not a breathing of wind
Stirr'd the tendrils that hung from the steep.
In the cool shadow of his cot the swain
Survey'd the cattle from the gadflies run,
And knee-deep in the calm and glassy main,
Their murmuring upland pastures shun.
Then bright and proudly winding through the grass,
As banded warriors greenwood alleys pass,
Towards the saint a shining serpent roll'd;
But vainly glared its sparkling eyes,
In vain it shew'd a thousand dyes
In every wind and fold;
The hermit scorn'd the wily snake,
And baffled Satan sprang into the brake.

Then clouds began to gather,
And gusts of rude wind stirr'd the sand—
Presaging stormy weather,
The curlews came screaming to land.
Afar in the horizon,
With sails all silvery bright,
Appears a stately vessel,
Fast nearing on the sight;

And in the broken sunshine
That glimmers o'er the deep,
Seems lighted the tall beacon
That crowns the cliffy steep.

Now black, voluminous, and dire,
Fringed with fierce and crimson fire,
The omens of the tempest wrap the skies,
The mountains frown—the yeasty billows rise.
Dull sinks the sun towards the western gate,
And on the vessel in the hermit's view,
A wavering glance at her impending fate
Shed through the clouds, and suddenly withdrew.
Within the headlands of the bay,
Where spring the spiry waves in spray,
The vessel drives forlorn,
And in the lighted beacon's beam
Her sails in shreds loose fluttering gleam,
All by the tempest torn.

Now, down the pathway, near the cell,
With hooks and cords, and purpose fell,
And many a flaming brand,

A savage herd, uncheck'd, unstay'd,
Blaspheming, hurried to the strand;
And still the saint regardless pray'd;
Nor when the dread crash was heard on the shore,
And the shrieks of the drowning burst shrill on his ear,
Nor yet when arose the infernal uproar
Of the plundering fiends in their murderous career,
Moved his tongue from its chime, or his eye shed a tear.

"What the devil," cried the Devil,
"Have we all been about,
Not to tempt him with a woman?"
All the Devils gave a shout,
And clapt their paws with rapture fain,
Sure now the victory to gain.

Straight on the grass extended lies
A glowing, ripe, voluptuous fair,
Her limbs are restless, and her longing sighs
Temper the soft embracing air.
The hermit felt the influence warm,
And strange emotions urge his blood;

Around the expecting devils swarm,
And Beelzebub on tiptoe stood.
Again the damsel turns,
And quicker breathes her sighs—
The Devil gloats—Saint Anthony—Saint Anthony!—
The saint has closed his eyes!
Meek, humbled, trembling and contrite,
He pray'd for strength against temptation,
And all the devils took to flight—
So ended this probation;
While from the hamlet in the dale
A silvan flute its vocal sweetness sent,
And from her bower the wakeful nightingale
Her sweeter cadences symphonious lent.[1]

[1] If it be any merit, the foregoing was written in Greece, partly in Athens, long ago. The attempt began in a description, from recollection, of one of Teniers' hobgoblin temptations of St Anthony.

THE

CONQUEST OF FRANCE;

A

DRAMATIC PAGEANT.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MAN OF HIS TIME.

PREFACE.

HISTORIANS say the human character, in the age of Edward III., attained the highest degree of heroism and courtesy. The following dramatic pageant is an attempt to represent the spirit of the great wars of that time, and to embody the magnanimity cherished in a most illustrious period. No circumstance is alluded to, nor incident introduced, not recorded in the chronicles, nor is a single sentiment ascribed to the individuals not in unison with historical truth.

Many years ago I heard of an imperial entertainment given by the Empress Catherine II. at the Taurian Palace to Prince Potemkin, when her magnificent Polonois, which bears that name, was first performed, and that in the course of the evening a series of dramatic scenes were exhibited, also of her Majesty's composition, representing the most remarkable events in the ancient history of Russia. The conception was said to have displayed great genius, but every thing was in the pageantry.

The nearest resemblance to this imperial show is, I conceive, the historical dramas of Shakspeare; but I do not recollect of hearing that the Empress introduced any dialogue.

In imitation, however, of the imperial spectacle, the subsequent scenes have been thrown together, in which something like the rhythm of the great English poet is attempted, with the sequence of the sort of actions which her Majesty probably exhibited.

I am not aware that any dramatic show exactly of the same kind has yet been made. The action may be said to be national, as it is altogether superior to the passions of individuals. I therefore offer the Conquest of France, not so much as a play as a spectacle, the object of which is to exhibit a cycle of history. In fact, I have long thought the stage, especially those of the great theatres, adapted for a more gorgeous exhibition than the common dramatic tales, and I wish my essay to be considered entirely of this description. A further illustration of what I conceive may be introduced, is stated in the preface to the Star of Destiny, in my Autobiography.

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

EDWARD III.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

JOHN OF FRANCE.

ARTOIS.

CARDINAL TALLYRAND OF PERIGORD.

WARWICK.

NORFOLK.

KENT.

SALISBURY.

SUFFOLK.

NEVIL.

NORTHAMPTON.

MOWBRAY.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

SIR THOMAS NORWICH.

SIR WALTER MANNY.

SIR JOHN DE VIENNE.

SIR EUSTACE DE REBEAUMONT.

LORD JAMES AUDLEY.

OFFICER.

ASHENDON.

GODFREY DE MILDIS.

WOMEN.

QUEEN PHILIPPA.

LADY SALISBURY.

ALICE.

Mutes, Soldiers, Ladies, &c.

THE CONQUEST OF FRANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Garden, Merton College, Oxford.

GODFREY DE MILDIS *and* ASHENDON, *Astrologers.*

Ash. I saw it burning near Orion's belt,
Redly malignant, and it threw around
A dim and ominous dishevell'd light.

God. But are you sure it was no meteor,
No kindled vapour of the lower air?

Ash. I marked it well—Behold the clouds unclose,
And it appears.

God. A most portentous star!

Ash. What think you, sir?

God. Such dread phenomena
Come not to vision in our nether world,
Without eventful issue. Lo! again
The clouds thick closing hide it from our sight.

Ash. Sure some new energy's at work in nature;—
The willow-trees, though by the winter bared,
Have cloth'd their boughs with blossoms like the rose,
And the hedge-elder, for its dingy berries,
Bends with untimely loads of crimson fruit—
Can you interpret what such things portend?

God. These prodigies, and rumours among men
Of dark debates, with secret messengers
Afoot, and busy with the thoughts of kings,
Show that the age is apt and ripe for wonders.
But to my study, for the winter air
Comes chilling from the silent flowing Isis,
And stiffens with distemper'd aches the joints.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Council Chamber.

KING EDWARD III., ARTOIS, NORFOLK, KENT, BISHOP OF LONDON, NEVIL, SALISBURY, *&c.*

King. Cousin Artois, we pray you here disclose
Those things which late in private conference
You did impart to us, touching our claim
And birthright to the monarchy of France.

Artois. My sovereign liege, for by that title now
I do profess th' allegiance due to you—
Though by the Salique Law, no female heir
May claim accession to the crown of France,
Yet heirs of females are not therefore barr'd,
And thence your right—for when the old king died,
Your royal mother was the next of kin.

King. And which, but for our nonage, and the hindrance
Bred by th' unsettled state of England then,
We had asserted with our utmost power.

Artois. But my high-minded countrymen were moved
To think that France, imperial from of old,
Who never own'd superior, should become
But as a part and pendicle of England,
For such, you King, they dreaded would ensue—
And to avert the shame and degradation,
Install'd your kinsman Philip on the throne,
The which he, like a recreant usurper,
Contemning those that gave him dignity,
Holds with a humour so tyrannical,
That all of us who did betray the law,
Repent the treason which we then committed,
And now implore you, as our rightful king,
To claim the crown by your ancestral rights.

Nor. But then that Philip has so long possess'd
The rule and sovereignty, that men have grown
Habitual in obedience to his sway.
This enterprise to which Artois incites,
Seems fraught with danger and of doubtful issue;
Nor is it just that England's blood should flow,
To vindicate the ravish'd laws of France.

If you and other factious of your land

Have, in despite of justice, so betray'd
The true pretensions of your lineal lord,
What have we here to do with your misdeeds?

Kent. Nothing, good Norfolk; that is their affair—
But the just claims of our own liege to France,
We, as his subjects, and as vassals true,
Are by our homage and allegiance bound,
To the last effort of our means and life,
For ever to maintain.

Bishop of London. It were rank sin
To see the profanation of a right,
Without resisting its predominance.
The act of doing ill is seldom ill,
It is the after-fruitage and effect
Which makes it ill—and thus it is with France.
This breach in the succession of her kings
Is treason to the welfare of the world;
For if we let such usurpation thrive,
We license every bold aspiring man
To storm the seat of power, and thence inflame
Worse anarchy upon the trembling earth
Than what the thunderbolts of Jove allay'd,
When the huge Titans scaled th' Olympian hill,

Rebellious to the Gods. 'Tis not for you,
Nor for King Edward's right, must England arm,
But for the wrongs of France against herself,
And for the safety of the social state.

Nevil. Do you, my Lord of London, counsel war?
You that should pacify the fierce intents
Of secular ambition?

Bishop. In this, Lord Nevil,
I do but counsel to maintain the right
Against oppression. When the bad insult
The time-applauded state of civil man,
Why do we arm the law's dread officers?
Wherefore confer we with the ermine gown,
That godlike and sublime authority,
By which our judges may consign to death,
But that there is essential on the earth
A principle of right, more precious far
Than individual life? 'Tis not for war,
The soldier's passion and the poet's theme,
I speak—but such assertion of the power
Which Heaven has on his Majesty bestow'd,
As shall destroy in the engendering,
Those greater woes than all the woes of war,

Which must ensue if order be infringed.
There is with nations, as with private men,
An order'd system of community;
And as the man who steals his neighbour's goods
Is justly punish'd by his country's law,
So 'tis with kingdoms; for I do maintain
The God of nature hath so settled it,
That as no man in his domestic sphere
May trench unpunish'd on his neighbour's right,
Nations may not so modify themselves
As to endanger the contiguous States,
Without some general sanction first allow'd.
This usurpation of the throne of France
We know is ill, because it doth provoke
The angry spirit of contentious councils.
Lords, we are here at midnight all convened
By the strong stirring of its dire effects,
And cannot now but choose to draw the sword.
The high compulsion of insulted law
Urges us on, and claims from us as men,
The vindication of its ravell'd precepts.

Kent. It well becomes you, venerable lord,
To show to us the evil in the cause;
But we plain soldiers, men that but enforce

The warrants which you counsellors send forth
Against delinquent nations, may not scan
The rules and principles that govern you.
'Tis not our province to investigate.
We are the hands but of the kingdom's body,
Ye are the head, the cogitative brain,
And we must do as your volitions move.
The sin, the guiltiness, must lie with you;
Therefore, my liege, consult these wise men well,
And then, whatever their decisions be,
Command us to perform, and we will do.

King. Well said, brave Kent, we like your valiant counsel;
But, ere advancing in so dread a suit,
'Tis fit the point of right should be set clear,
And therefore, lords, awhile let us adjourn,
And you, stern statesmen, guardians of our realm,
Find out the right, that we may act with justice.

[*Exeunt.*

Remain SALISBURY *and* NEVIL.

Nevil. You seem troubled, Salisbury. Think you this
Will lead to rupture and hostility?

Sal. I think not of it. In my heart I feel

A deeper anguish than the wounds of war.
The king too often visits at my house;
I cannot think that were my wife less fair,
He would so privily intrude that honour.

Nevil. The noble virtues of your peerless lady
Should save you from all jealousy and doubt.

Sal. I do not doubt her: Heaven forbid I should!
I could not, if I would, suspect her faith;
But it doth grieve me that in his green years,
When all the world expects he will perform
Some noble part for England's weal and glory,
He should submit thus to a blameful passion.

Nevil. Has he in love yet spoken with the Countess?

Sal. Not yet; but daily she expects he will,
For oft he seeks pretence to walk with her,
And ever when they are apart together,
He looks as if he would his soul divulge,
But still, as dreading that he might offend,
He leads her back with seeming levity;
But scarcely there, some new pretext he finds
To draw her forth again. Daily he thus
The ardent symptoms of his love discovers.

Nevil. This delicacy gives me hope.

Sal. And me.

Nevil. When he will speak, as doubtless soon he will,
The Countess should her influence assert,
And by her sway o'er his admiring fondness,
Exalt his sensual thoughts to nobler aims.—
Propitious Fate makes him love such a woman;
Few else had so endured a monarch's passion;
But she will be the pride of English dames,
The honour and example of her sex,
As famed Cornelia, or the wife of Brutus.
But come, my lord, the night is far advanced;
Long since I heard the Abbey clock chime three,
And I am weary with this late debate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Garden.

KING *and an Officer.*

King. Has the Lord Salisbury yet left the palace?

Off. Not yet.

King. Go, seek him out; detain him here.
If he enquire for me, say I'm abed. [*Exit Officer.*

'Tis now the stillest and the darkest hour.
Good men sleep well, and gentle innocence,
Wrapt in soft dreams, smiles as it sleeps;
Only the wretch whom sinful thoughts incite,
Steals from his couch like a perturbed ghost.
And such am I, that, nightly thus unseen,
Sigh my unhallowed wishes at the door
Of lovely Salisbury. In absence, still
Irreverent fondness makes me bold to speak;
But in her presence dwells such chastity,
That I am awed, and from a lover turn
A lowly and adoring worshipper.
A light! and, lo! the lovely saint herself,
Like the bright angel of the morning star
Beaming with radiance, appears behind. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Lord Salisbury's house. A window open. A table with lights.

LADY SALISBURY *and* ALICE.

Lady S. Some solemn business holds the council late.

Alice. It has broke up; more than an hour ago
The Lords of Kent and Norfolk left the court.

Lady S. Thou art mistaken, Alice, else thy master
Had been at home before.

Alice. I saw them pass.
The servants carried lights, and 'mong them rose
Saucy revilings, for some Bishop's men
Claim'd precedence of those before the Lords.

[*A knocking heard.*

Lady S. Hark! see who knocks.—(*Exit* ALICE.)
Why should I be thus moved?
Why should my heart misgive, because my lord
Thus lingers in his coming? Oft the king
Has made me fearful that he seeks my love.
But I do wrong his high and noble nature,
To think my Salisbury's no longer safe;
And yet the servants nightly have discovered
A muffled stranger lurking near the door,
And holy writ, in good Uriah's fate,
Declares of old how heaven's anointed king——

[*Enter* KING EDWARD.

Ha! the king here!

King. Are you afraid of me?

Lady S. Where is my husband?

King. O, look not so wild.

Lady S. Where is Lord Salisbury, that at this hour
So like the odious Tarquin you intrude?

King. He's safe.

Lady S. How! safe!

King. Detain'd still at the palace.

Lady S. What guilty purpose brings your Highness here?
That I at seeing you, should thus forget
The dues and honours of your royal state,
And dare to fear my husband's life endanger'd?

King. Oh! tell me, then, why am I thus enthrall'd?
The minstrel's song reminds me of thy voice;
The poet's melody, thy sweeter sense;
Even sacred orisons that raise the soul
From earth to heaven, but serve to warm my thoughts,
With the blest images of thy perfections.

Lady S. Repress, my gracious lord, these fond conceits.
Rise, rise—Oh! shame! it is a most strange sin!
That he to whom all others should so kneel,
Should stoop in baseness, and for guilt, to me.

I do conjure you, sir, by your dread trust,
To save your honour from this sinful stain.
Do you forget? I am Lord Salisbury's wife!

King. Oh! happy Salisbury! blessed on earth
In these sweet lips with a diviner draught
Than Hebe in the nectar pours for Jove!

Lady S. If thus the king will so forget himself,
The subject's duty ends. I would cry "help!"
But in the sacred presence of the king
I should be safe from outrage.

King. Noble woman!
Yes, you are safe. He that so vex'd your hearing,
With a rash proffer of unrighteous passion,
Was a fond fool, urged by his nature's frailty,
And not the king—not I, that will protect,
Yes, your insulted virtue: Edward the king
Will the offending rash Plantagenet,
Even to the utmost of his power, pursue,
To satisfy your wrong. Say, what shall be
His punishment?

Lady S. That which should make
Him in the suffering worthy of all love,
And without hope, believe he may have mine.

—Your claims on France are an aspiring call,
From the great god of war, to break the chain
With which the slothful Cupid would defraud
The hope and expectation of the time.

King. It shall be so. Yes, thou ennobling woman,
By thee inspir'd beyond what poets tell
Of Juno or of Pallas' inspiration,
In the fam'd story of the Trojan town,
I will attempt to earn the glorious meed;
And the remembrancer of this bright night,
In court and camp to keep me to my vow,
Shall grow so famous as the badge of greatness,
That mightiest monarchs, in heroic triumph,
Shall hope to gain it as the test of worth.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Palace.

QUEEN PHILIPPA *and the* BLACK PRINCE.

Queen. My dearest boy, though with a mother's sorrow
I see thee going where the monster War
Yearns to engorge the gallant and the brave,
I would not hold thee from encount'ring him,
But, to the reach of my poor wit, endeavour
So to instruct thee to deport thyself,
That every mother who may hear thy name,
If thou shouldst fall, shall, with a noble envy,
Wish, as she weeps, to lose her son like mine.

Prince. And if I earn those honours I desire,
And come, dear mother, safely back again,

My fame shall prove that your ennobling precepts
Did make me worthy to be call'd your son.

Queen. O heavens! why is it that my heart should gladden
Thus at the parting with a child so dear,
And these fond drops that thicken in my sight,
Be more in pleasure than in sorrow shed?

Prince. 'Tis a good omen, mother, and the thought
Shall, as a ray straight darting from the sky,
Gild every vapour of the gloomiest day.

Queen. Princes, ordain'd the models of mankind,
Win their best honours by their soldiership;
Therefore, my Edward, study to excel,
But not in that obstrep'rous bravery,
Which, with the noblest actions, oft offends
The gentle sense of virtue in the wise.
The soldier should be as the steel he bears,
Quick, trusty, but serene; so will his honour
Be as its polish, wip'd of battle stains,
Brighter and brighten'd by each stern probation.
And in the social hour, the hour of peace,
Let it be sheath'd in modest courtesies;
But chief o'er all, when, at the close of day,

Long dubious victory at last consents
To crown his toil, let him be then a man,
And, with a mild and merciful denial,
Recall the hounds of slaughter from the chase,
And think that Justice, which bestows success,
Relents in pity for the suff'ring foe.

[*A sound of a trumpet.*

Prince. Hark! 'tis the trumpet, and they wait for me.

Queen. Adieu, dear Edward! Heaven be on thy side.

Prince. And I be worthy of the awful aid. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Council Chamber.

KING EDWARD *on his Throne, and Nobles seated.*

King. This matter settled, and our style of France
With customary heralding proclaim'd,
See you, my lords, duly perform'd. Admit
The Cardinal. Now would we hear what answer

The holy father sends from Avignon,
Touching the late remonstrance 'gainst those grants
Of benefices in our kingdom given
By him to aliens, strangers to our laws,
Averse to us by prejudice of blood,
And who, though to the stinting of ourselves,
Pamper'd to insolence, yet still deny,
By those same mouths with which they feed on us,
The worth and honour of the English name.

Enter the CARDINAL, *&c.*

My good Lord Cardinal, we give you welcome,
Assured that you, of whose surpassing meekness
We have an oft and grateful rumour heard,
Must to the missives of our Parliament
A meet and gracious acquiescence bring
In the paternal answer of the Pope.

Card. The benediction apostolical
Of the most holy father be on you,
Lord Edward King of England. Greeting well,
He bade us say that those new Cardinals,
Whom to augment the glory of the Church
He hath of late created, should receive

Due means and aliments wherewith t' uphold
The state and custom of their dignity.
For this, with righteous and paternal care,
Judging how best to levy the impost
From sundry realms, the Church's provinces,
He did apportion monies to be drawn,
And benefices to be set apart,
But which in England with rebellious clamour
Was utterly denied, and all his officers
Upon that pious mission hither sent
Were rudely banish'd, frustrate of their request.
This odious treason, dire as heresy,
The Pope still, as a kindly father sees
His children err, doth tenderly remit,
Trusting your Grace will, mindful of his goodness,
Forthwith the rash refusal interdict,
And with a filial faithfulness procure
The due observance of the Pope's decree
Within the realm of England.

Edward. Good, my lord.
—Report this solemn answer back from us,
That we, Edward the King, do greet his Holiness
With pious kissings of his sacred feet.

Tell him, it gladdens us to hear how much
He, in the watch-tower of the Zion hill
And apostolic mountain, thus devises
Increase of glory to the Church of Christ;
For doubtless he hath with those carnal means,
Those monies and advowsons set apart,
Which are but agents of the sensual flesh,
A spirit-stirring reformation made,
And search'd himself to cure those eating wounds,
Those ulcerous sores, that pamper'd surfeit breeds
Within the frame ecclesiastical.
If this be done, he may well call on us
To aid his high and godly purposes.—
My good Lord Cardinal, we will no more
That in the business of the Pope's decree
The realm of England be again disturb'd.
High claims are on us, and we must be hence
To combat with that insolent usurper
Who now withholds our monarchy of France.
—My Lord of London and his Grace the Primate
Will see your Eminence safely embark'd.
I pray you, lords, let him experience well
That ready ancient hospitality
Which is the stranger's due.

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL, CANTERBURY, *and* LONDON.

What think you, lords?
Were it not meet in these impending wars,
That we should rather from the well-fed abbeys
Draw aid and furtherance to relieve our subjects?

Northam. Your Highness wisely hath discern'd in it.

Edward. Did not our grandfather, so fam'd for justice,
Confiscate once the wealth of alien priors,
And the possessions of the clunicks seize,
To aid his drain'd exchequer? Answer me.

Northam. It had been fitter for these reverend lords
Than for us laics, prone, 'tis said, to speak
Invidiously of holy mother Church.
But she again has repossess'd herself
Of all that precious wealth.

Edward. Cousin, you err.
The Church, as these her bishops can declare,
Does not in perpetuity possess it;
But only, like that consecrated treasure,
Which the stout Romans, in their days of virtue,
Shrin'd in the Capitol for war with Gaul,

Keeps it prepar'd against the exigent.
The state again may to itself reclaim
The providential treasures. See it done,
For war inevitable with the Gaul
Impends around, and we must now to France,
Where wait the choicest spirits of the realm
To reap renown and glorious victory. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Quay of Dover.

ARCHBISHOP *of* CANTERBURY, BISHOP *of* LONDON, *and* CARDINAL.

Card. Brother of London, what you say is true,
And so I shall report it to the Pope.
There is, indeed, as I myself have noted,
A headstrong and imperious temp'rament
In the proud natures of your countrymen,
Which makes them, if they have not war abroad,
To fashion mischief for themselves at home.

Arch. Add, too, that they are prone to sift for rights,

And, rather than forego a wonted usage
At the command of highest seated power,
They would, up to the shoulders, fight in blood.

Bishop. And yet, my good Lord Cardinal, I pray you
Say, when they are content,—but, mark me well,
Content, believing it is wise to be so,—
They will endure such voluntary pressure,
That tyranny itself will first relent
And yield, admiring their most gen'rous patience.

Card. But in their insolent deport to strangers,
That proud conceit of their superior worth
O'er all who tread their island from the sea,
A seed of danger to the papal sway
Swells into growth and fruitage.

Bishop. True, my lord.
Therefore it well befits his Holiness
To breathe the meekness of his past'ral love
Towards the fold of England. Sooth to say,
The wrath and thunder that may elsewhere awe,
Will here but startle and disperse the flock.

Card. I like their noble arrogance, my Lord.
Oh! I am pain'd, and to the heart embitter'd,
When I look on your gallant islanders,
So rife of valour, gen'rous in their hate,

Jealous of right, and in distress majestic,
And think that those who tread the Roman soil,
Breathing the air of Scipios and of Cæsars,
Should be so shrunk in their integrity,
That we must use with them but wily craft.
My Lord of London, I will tell the Pope,
That England is a land of men untamed,
Fierce as their jealous curs at strangers' footing,
And faithful, too, as them to those that trust them.

Arch. How now, my lord! such speech would better suit
The grim robustness of our steel-clad barons,
Than the calm prudence of the scarlet gown.

Card. If that my fate, or that which has controll'd it,
Had not compell'd me to put on this gown,
And whine meek resignation, my firm heart
Had own'd the influence of your English air,
And heard the God of battles call to arms.
But see, the signal that the tide now serves—
I must on board—I'll tell to France and Rome,
That Edward comes, and England, blithe in war,
Has high presentiments of glorious things.

Arch. You should have been a soldier.

Card. Would have been,
Had Heaven bestow'd me on your martial isle.
But, my good lord——

Bishop. Adieu, Lord Cardinal,
Who for the crosier would take the sword
And dare grim danger in the tented field.
May you not find her on the billowy sea!
But gently, as the holy priestly life,
Be safe your passage to the Calais shore. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Field of Cressy.

BLACK PRINCE, WARWICK, *and Army.*

Prince. Now bid the bowmen use their stoutest might,
And to the head their bolted arrows draw.
The strength of Englishmen lies in their arms;
Let it give life to every twanging string.

—Behind Lord Warwick see the heavens frown
Full in the faces of the fated foe.
Hark! heaven's own thunder rattles on our side.
What birds are these?

Warwick. The corbie and the vulture.
They are the soldiers' sextons, and 'tis said
Their eager sense of carnage is so keen,
That they foreknow the issues of a fight.

Prince. If so, they fly propitious to our cause;
For see, they follow where the archers aim.
Another shower, my gallant countrymen.

Warwick. See where the enemy now near upon us.

Prince. My horse; Lord Mowbray, you attend the King. [*Exit Prince.*

Enter the KING.

Mowbray. This is, my lord, the order of the field.

Northam. Whom has your Highness stationed with the Prince?

Edward. The Earl of Warwick and Sir John Chandos;
They are his masters, and will teach the boy
To learn the craft of winning victories.

With them are Oxford, Normandy, and Stafford,
Lord Burgerst, and that lion's whelp, his son.
—How now, Sir Thomas Norwich, what's the news?

Sir Thomas. Lord Cobham, and the others with
the Prince,
Are vigorously by the whole French beset,
And ask your Majesty to come to them.

Edward. Is my son dead? Is he unhorsed, good
knight?

Sir Thomas. No, heaven be praised, he prospers
in the battle.

Edward. Then go, Sir Thomas, back to those that
sent you,
And tell them from me, not to send again.
—Say I command them that they let the boy
Deserve his knighthood—Ha, what means that cry!

Enter WARWICK.

Warwick. The wonted standard of the King of
France
Is not display'd, but in its place he shows
The golden flame.

Edward. And what does that import?

Warwick. 'Tis said Saint Denis from an angel got it,
And that whenever Frenchmen fight beneath it,
They must not spare their foes.

Edward. 'Twas a bad angel
That would so consecrate to cruelty.

Enter MOWBRAY.

Lord Mowbray, have you heard the King of France
Has spread the Oriflam, the flag of death?

Mowbray. I have, my lord.

Edward. Then furl Saint George's cross,
And give our bloody dragon to the breeze;
Advance it to the van—another charge.

Warwick. The rout is general. The usurper flies.

[*Enter the* PRINCE, *with the King of Bohemia's helmet, attended. The trumpets sound a victory, and the* KING, *and all, piously uncover.*

Edward. My gallant Ned, the Heavens are pleased with thee.

Prince. My gracious sire——

Edward. 'Tis old Bohemia's crest.
Is he your prisoner?

Prince. Alas! my lord,
The royal veteran lies with the dead.

Edward. He was a noble soldier, though our foe.

Prince. Nor was his death unworthy of his fame:
Though age-enfeebled, and though almost blind,
The din of battle did so rouse his heart,
That, with the bravest of his captains girt,
He met his death before the fight was won;
For Victory seem'd, while the old soldier fought,
Reluctant upon younger casques to light,
She had so often settled upon his.

Edward. And may she ever to it still return,
For thou shalt wear it, and this triple plume,
The royal trophy here at Cressy won,
Shall, long as England's heir is Prince of Wales,
Crest the bright characters of victory.—
Now, with such pomp as suits the warrior's bier,
Convey the noble dead to Mountenay,
And in the monastery there bestow them.
Thus shall we teach posterity unborn,

England reveres the famed and fallen brave;
But we must mulct the stubborn Calaismen.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The walls of Calais.

SIR JOHN DE VIENNE *on the walls with Citizens.*
SIR WALTER MANNY *with the English troops.*

Sir Walter Manny. Good John de Vienne, 'tis our King's intent,
That you, and all within the bounds of Calais,
Submit to his discretion.

John de Vienne (*on the walls*). Cruel terms,
And hard to us, who, for our loyalty,
Had hoped for nobler courtesy from him.
We are, Sir Walter, but a little band,
True to our honour and our monarch's trust,
And rather, sir, than yield to such demands,
We'll perish fighting.

Enter EDWARD, *attended.*

Edward. ——Manny, what say they?

Sir Walter. Rather than yield on terms indefinite,
They are determined still to keep the town.

Edward. Then let them suffer for't.

Sir Walter. Good, my liege Lord,
But they have nobly, as brave soldiers should,
Maintained themselves.

Edward. Manny, they should be taught,
That even valour may have its excess—
But to the Governor again, and say,
That if he send me six of the best burghers
With ropes about their necks, here with the keys,
We shall forget the trouble they have caused.

[SIR WALTER MANNY *goes to the Governor.*

Enter QUEEN PHILIPPA *and Ladies.*

Edward. My dear Philippa—welcome to the camp.
Sweet ladies all, we give a soldier's greeting.
And now, what tidings of our northern friends?
How fare the Scots, that in our absence dared
To break upon your widow-like forlornness?

Philippa. The King of Scotland, with his noblest peers,
Are prisoners to your Highness.

Edward. Ha—how now?

SIR WALTER MANNY *comes forward.*

Sir Walter. My lord, the Calais townsmen on the walls
Announce compliance with your stern request.
Eustace St Pierre, and other worthy five
Of the best burghers—Burghers, said I?
Men who for this should, to the end of time,
Be chronicled among the worthiest heroes.

[*The citizens on the walls—bells tolling—the six enter with ropes and the keys.*

Eustace St Pierre. There, at your feet, we lay the keys of Calais,
And freely give ourselves to your dread pleasure.

Philippa. My gracious lord, let me, without offence,
Plead for the lives of these most virtuous men;
Here, on my knees, I earnestly entreat thee
To be to thy great character as true
As when we parted. Oh, my gracious lord,

If, in thine absence, England hath achieved,
By the good valour of her civil sons,
Trophies as glorious as thine own in France,
Think, these brave merchants, who submit themselves,
Feel in their hearts the spirit of renown
Stirring them up, and by thy pardon show
That thou dost love the man-exalting flame,
Regardless of the garb. The richest gems
In the rough casing of the rocky mine
Are still as precious as the polish'd stones,
That glitter in thine own proud diadem.
Think in these men you see high-minded soldiers,
And treat them as the high and honour'd brave,
Whom to respect, augments thy own renown.

Edward. To such sweet pleading I can but consent—
Rise, my Philippa, you have ransom'd them.
Here, Warwick, take the keys, and with Lord Suffolk
Prepare the citizens for our reception.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

BISHOP OF LONDON *and* WARWICK.

Bishop. Some dreadful sin is surely rife among us,
That thus the wrath of Heaven comes down so dire;
Is there no remedy?

War. Alas, art fails;
All other maladies, the foes of life,
Seem banish'd from the world, for this dread plague
Hath of itself engross'd Death's armouries,
And is itself the Death. 'Tis as if Heaven
Did now repent the making of mankind.
All ties of love and kindred are dissolved;—
Wives fly their husbands, and when mothers see
The plague-spot reddening on their cradled babes,

They, screaming, shun them as their doom and fate.
The priests deny the comforts of religion;
The courts are empty, and accusers come not;
The jailor has abandon'd all his doors,
And in the prison men most innocent
League with tried felons, and will not be free—
So much, without, the horror reigns and rages.

[*Bell tolls.*

Bishop. Hark!

War. 'Tis the death-bell!

Bishop. Strange! its dismal sound
Seems like the news of a great battle won,
It hath so long hung silent. Awful thought
That we should gladden thus to hear it toll,
And welcome back as old familiar friends,
The frenzied fever, atrophy, all ails
That once were deem'd the enemies of life.

War. But come, 'tis meet that we set on for Windsor,
We are expected at the council there.

Bishop. Vain are our councils to contend with Heaven.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room.

EDWARD *and Counsellors.*

Edw. Sir Walter Manny, bear these to my son,
And say I will not to this John of France
Ev'n in one tittle of our claim relax.
What though his father Philip died possess'd
Of our hereditary lawful throne?
The hold that we contested in his time
Cannot grow stronger by the course of age.

Nor. And yet, my liege, time, that, with all things else,
Saps and consumes, establishes a throne;
And he now seated in the state of France,
Hath so much stronger a pretence to it
Than the usurper that refused your right,
By being but that false usurper's son;
And each who of his line may hence succeed,
Will strong and stronger find his right confirm'd.

—The power of kings is like the mighty oak,
Which, on its sprouting from the genial soil,
The slightest breathing of the random wind
May easily destroy; but grown to head,
The root struck deep, its branches in the air,
It braves defiance to the roaring storm,
And yields but to the thunderbolt of heaven.

Enter the QUEEN.

Queen. I would, your Highness, if the time allows,
Entreat awhile your leisure.

Edw. Leave us, lords.
My Lord of Norfolk, come at supper time,
We would discourse with you upon these matters.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Now, gentle Philippa, we are your own—
Come, you have worn these woeful looks too long.
To-day we have glad news; throughout the realm
The wasteful pestilence has staid its course,
And the blest sound of bell at burial toll'd
Has been resumed; the doctors too report
That ancient maladies again return.

Queen. But, my dear lord, I bring you heavy tidings:
The good Lord Salisbury ——

Edw. I heard of it,
And he died happily—a noble man—
His natural worth so suited with his rank,
That he was born to be what he has been;
The court in him has lost an ornament,
The state a treasure, and the poor a friend.

Queen. And his fair lady——

Edw. Ah! my good Philippa,
Let no injurious thoughts of her molest.
I lov'd her fondly—need I blush to own it?
The time has been that you might have been sad
To think Lord Salisbury dead. But trust me, love,
There is for jealousy no shadow now.

Queen. Alas, my dearest lord, I know 'tis so,
For beauteous Salisbury lies with her lord.

Edw. What! dead?

Queen. Alas!

Edw. Come you to try my truth?

Queen. Oh, gracious Edward, do my nature justice,
I have no sinister intent in this;

For though I knew I had not all your heart,
I would not that the world should know the share
That lovely Salisbury withheld from me.
I grudge not, Edward, that thy tears should flow,
For in this moment's melting sympathy,
Methinks I feel as if I had received
The holy mildness of my rival's nature,
Dropp'd like the prophet's mantle from the sky.

Edw. And it does so with more excelling virtue:
For, from this hour, I must to thine own worth—
Thy patient meekness, studious aim to please,
With all the gentle graces of a wife—
See join'd what charm'd me in the holy dead.

Queen. Blest moment! recompense for many a care! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Field of Poictiers.

JOHN OF FRANCE, CARDINAL, *and French nobles.*

John of France. We will chastise this haughty Prince of Wales,

Who is so fond of rapine, and of war,
And to the throat and bosom of our France,
So eggs his ruthless bloodhounds. Swift, my lord,
Convey these summonses to your bold peers,
To come with all their vassals fit for war;
These island curs shall crouch beneath our vengeance.

Car. Let not your Majesty war for revenge,
But in the arming of your kingdom's strength,
Be peace the motive, and defence the aim.

K. John. Seek they for peace, my good Lord Cardinal,
Who thus with trampling insolence advance,
Trenching the just pretensions of our right?
Rather, Lord Cardinal, than be thus questioned—
How now, De Rebeaumont, what is their force?

Enter SIR EUSTACE DE REBEAUMONT.

Sir Eustace. Two thousand men at arms, double in archery,
And fifteen thousand foot, we think, they number.

Car. Good then, your Grace, awhile withhold the sword,

So small a number dare not cope with France;
Offer them terms before uncertain war.

K. John. If they accept——

Car. You conquer without loss.

K. John. Should they refuse——

Car. You have the vantage still,
With all the aids expected from your summons.

K. John. We like your counsel, reverend Perigord;
And that our threats may not prove empty vaunting,
We will the present levies still enforce. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Field near Poictiers.

The BLACK PRINCE—WARWICK.

Prince of Wales. Hear you, Lord Warwick, that
the French have moved,
Passing the Loire at Orleans, Tours, and Saumur?

Warwick. 'Tis so reported, and our foragers
Say that the country is so scour'd by theirs,
They find no more supply.

Prince. Heard you their strength?

Warwick. In men-at-arms they number twenty thousand.

Prince. So many!

Warwick. And their foot past computation;
Besides the wing that cross'd at Chatelherault,
Full sixty thousand horse come with the King.

Prince. And let them come, the fate depends on Heaven,
Who to the swiftest may the race deny,
And battle to the strong. What news, Lord Suffolk?

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suffolk. A message from the enemy.

Prince. So near?

Suffolk. They are encamping on the fields beyond
The town of Poictiers. All the country swarms
With the emblazonry of noble banners,
And earth grows gorgeous as yon westward sky,
That glows and kindles with the setting sun.

Prince. There's a good omen in thy simile;
The vapours shine but round the tyrant's setting.
Who are the messengers?

Suffolk. That subtle churchman,
Cardinal Tallyrand of Perigord,
He that was once in England.

Prince. Bring him in.
What think you, Warwick? With so great an odds,
May we defend ourselves, or should we rather
With ready acquiescence meet their terms?

Warwick. It is the spirit of our countrymen
To grow more haughty with adversity,
And generous with success. Therefore, my lord,
Let our demeanours verify our blood.

Enter CARDINAL, *attended.*

Prince. Welcome, Lord Cardinal! we see in you
The minister of good-will and of peace.

Car. Heaven's blessing, and the comforting of saints,
Descend upon my son!

War. Amen!

Car. My lord!

War. So shall we prosper in the coming fight.

Car. If you, my lord, have well the odds computed,

Which the great army of your foe outspreads,
I would implore you to consent to peace.

Prince. My own repute, and England's honour safe,
I ever have been ready, sir, to treat.

Car. Your Highness answers with a noble prudence,
And I will labour to accomplish it.
It were most dismal that so many brave,
As here await yon vast advancing host,
Should perish when so wise a prince governs
Their destinies.

War. True; nor, my lord, shall they.

Prince. My good Lord Warwick, let us hear what
answer
The foe will send. See that his messenger
Pass safely, and due honoured from the camp.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The French Camp.

JOHN OF FRANCE, *the* CARDINAL, *and* EUSTACE DE RIBEAUMONT, &c.

Car. Why should you, sir, desire to fight with them?
They must be yours; they cannot now escape.
Prolong the truce, sir, till to-morrow's dawn,
And meanwhile let me urge the prince to terms.

John. But on the terms I have already stated,
Will I consent to spare them. Four of their chiefs,
The best they boast, must to our will be given,
And with the prince, the army, one and all,
Submit without condition. If thus they yield,
The peace you wish for may be then agreed:
Less will not serve; we will have all, or battle.

Eus. My good Lord Cardinal, you toil in vain;
The French are confident in their great power,
Nor will take any terms the prince can give.

Car. If France would reap a rational advantage,
She must consult the English character.
I would this hand, yea, my own being, pawn,
That the whole army, and the prince to boot,
Will risk the conflict to the utmost sword,
Rather than drink the bitter cup you offer.
My royal lord, it is not, sir, the custom
To woo with insults; and the terms you offer
Are such as might the meekest martyr move
On the bright throne of his beatitude;
Yet send you them to men with naked swords—
Soldiers! who have a hundred times shook hands
With the grim bloody Death,—yea, who e'en now,
As they behold him frowning from this height,
Familiar jibe him as a sullen churl,
That hath forgot their old companionship.
By the blest Virgin and the holy mass,
Your message, sir, will make them friends again.

John. You grow profane.

Car. My lord, I prophesy
A ministration suiting to my garb.

John. And yet you speak as you would aid the English.

Car. No: Heaven forbid; but I would counsel wisdom.

Sir, on my soul, it would be great renown
To share in conqu'ring such a noble foe.
Slay them you may, but subjugate them never.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The English Camp.

The BLACK PRINCE, LORD JAMES AUDLEY, WARWICK, &c.

Audley. A boon, my lord.

Prince. 'Tis granted, though unknown.

Audley. Grant me permission to perform a vow.

War. What! you, James Audley, think to quit the field?

Audley. No, noble Warwick; but I did once swear
If ever fortune posted me in battle,
Where the king fought, or any of his sons,
That I would be the foremost in attack,
And the best combatant, or fighting die.

Warwick. Thy pardon, Audley.

Audley. Warwick ne'er offends.

Prince. The bounteous Heavens bestow on thee, Lord James,
The choicest benedictions. In the war
Shine ever prosperous above all knights,
And thrive by the performance of thy vow.
Now, Englishmen, what though we number few,
And those so proudly in array against us,
Waving more banners than we count right hands,
Already deem us won? let us remember still
From Heaven on high descends the victory.
If the good fortune of the day be ours,
We shall attain the summit of renown;
And should we fall, conquer'd we cannot be.
Have we not fathers, brothers, kindred, friends,
Who will avenge our deaths? Be Englishmen,
Firm to the stroke, and deadly at the blow.
They come, they come. Lord Warwick, give the word.

Warwick. Saint George for England, and the Prince of Wales!

Prince. The Prince of Wales for England and Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in Windsor Castle.

PHILIPPA, EDWARD III. *and Courtiers.*

Philippa. Has yet no tidings of the battle come?

Edward. None yet.

Philippa. Would that they were!—Alas! alas!

Edward. Sweet, do not droop, we shall have news to-day.

You make me sad to see you so dejected.

Philippa. I can no longer wrestle with my fears;
They overcome me, and I can but weep.
As on the battlements I anxious stood,
I heard a soldier, just from London, tell
His staid companions in the porch below,
That all the town was fearfully astir,
And guards were doubled at the tower and palace.
Last night the shops were shut at set of sun,
And every man went to his thoughtful neighbour.
Men that had no acquaintance of each other
Stopt in the streets, and awfully enquired

If any messenger had yet arrived ;—
Grooms, menials, gentlemen and traders, stood
In boding groups in every thoroughfare,
Communing on the Prince's jeopardy ;
And children, as if conscious they were orphans,
Forsook their sports to share the general gloom.
Ha ! hark ! they shout, they cry, a victory !

Enter WARWICK.

Warwick. Almighty God has bless'd your Highness' arms.
—The King of France is prisoner to your son,
With such a list of knights and gentlemen,
As ne'er triumphant Cæsar brought to Rome.

Edward. Bountiful God, the glory be to thee !

Philippa. Is my son well ?

Warwick. He's an embodied blessing,
Where all that Heaven for admiration makes
Is blended and incorporate. In him
So sweetly works the spirit of success,
That those who by his courage are subdued,
Are by his courtesy more surely won.

Edward. Where was the battle fought?

Warwick. At Poictiers,
A name that long as the sea-billows lave
The shores of England, shall with Cressy shine:
The twins—the brightest of her destined triumphs,
The roots ancestral of a royal race. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A Street in London.

The triumphal return of the BLACK PRINCE. KING JOHN *covered.* *The* PRINCE *cap in hand.*

Prince. Be not, my gracious lord, so sad of heart,
Though Heaven has in its secret purposes
Denied your wishes in the war's event,
Yet was it pleased to bless your royal arm
With bright success in battle personal.
Come, sir, be cheerful; be assured the King
Will every honour that becomes your greatness,
To the whole compass of his power bestow.

John. By more than arms, dear Prince, you over-
come;
For with this gentle magnanimity,
The sense of my disgrace is charm'd asleep;
And like a high and honour'd guest I feel,
Rather than what I am, a captive King,
Swelling the pageant of his victor's triumph.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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